THE MESSENGER.

"AS THE TRUTH IS IN JESUS."

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Poetry.

Easter Day.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God."—*From the Epistle.*

GLORIOUS Head, Thou livest now!
Let us Thy members share Thy life;
Canst Thou behold their need, nor bow,
To raise Thy children from the strife
With self and sin, with death and dark distress,
That they may live to Thee in holiness?

Earth knows Thee not, but evermore
Thou livest in Paradise, in peace;
Oh fain my soul would thither soar,
Oh let me from the creatures cease;
Dead to the world, but to Thy Spirit known,
I live to Thee, O Prince of Life, alone.

Break through my bonds whate'er it cost,
What is not Thine within me slay;
Give me the lot I covet most,
To rise as Thou hast risen to-day.
Work Thou in me, O Power and Life Divine!
Work Thou in me, and heavenward guide
My thoughts and wishes, that my heart
Waver no more nor turn aside,
But fix forever where Thou art.

Thou art not far from us; who loves Thee well,
While yet on earth, in heaven with Thee may dwell.

—Tersteegen, 1731.

Notes.

ALLELUIA!

THE Lord is risen!

"ALLELUIA! Jesus lives;
He is now the living One:
From the gloomy house of death
Forth the Conqueror has gone,
Bright Forerunner to the skies
Of His people yet to rise."

NOT only Easter Sabbath, but every Lord's day reminds us that for centuries the purest hearts and finest intellects of the civilized world have found it reasonable to cling to a risen Christ as to a surely attested Redeemer, and to look through His grave as through an open door into the realities and joys of an immortal existence. *—Christian at Work.*

IT was befitting that such a nature as that of Jesus and such a work should have such a crown as the resurrection. It belongs naturally to the other parts of His unequaled life. It has been truly said that the language and life plan of Jesus prophesied His rising from the dead. And the final witness to this fact is the end of history.—*Dr. J. H. Barrows.*

CHRIST hath perfumed the cross and the grave, and made all sweet. The pardoned man finds himself light, skips and leaps, and through Christ strengthening him he can encounter with any trouble. If you think to shut up his spirit within outward sufferings, he is now as Samson in his strength, able to carry away on his back the gates with which you would enclose him; yea, can submit patiently to the Lord's hand in any correction.—*Leighton.*

THE Resurrection of Christ is not only the central doctrine of Christianity, it is also the central fact on which the Christian religion rests. Christianity is the religion of the Risen Christ. The Church seeks not the living among the dead. She does not pin her faith on the Crucified Christ alone, but on "Christ Crucified, who is risen again." For it is that Risen Christ of whom she is the mystical body. It was in the Resurrection that what was made possible by the Crucifixion became an actual fact; and therefore it is upon the Resurrection that the Christian Church has always taken her stand, for with it she stands or falls. "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain."

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. 1 Cor. xv. 22.

Communications.

For the Messenger.

The Sufferings of Christ.

WHEN the Christian takes his seat at the foot of the Cross on Good Friday to meditate on the sufferings of the Immaculate Son of man, it will in every way prove more edifying and satisfactory, if he selects some maxim or Text of Holy Writ as answer to the solemn question: *Why must Jesus, the Innocent Jesus, die for sinful humanity?* than if he allows himself to be guided by any one of the preconceived theories, which the wit of moral sages have invented and formulated, during well-nigh two thousand years, to their own greater perdition of soul. St. Paul's key unlocks the mystery of the crucified Lamb of God, in twenty-five words, more effectually than all the tomes, folios and cumbersome volumes of theologians have effected in the primitive, middle, and modern ages: "*For He hath made Him to be sin for us, Who knew no sin, that we might be made the Righteousness of God in Him.*" Who, but the Son of Man, "Who knew no sin," could bring deliverance to a race doomed under sin? And how could He even deliver mankind from the thraldom of "Sin," without becoming one with us, or without being "made sin for us" first of all? Whence is the "Righteousness of God" to come to us, if not "in Him?" And how are we to be made "the *Righteousness* of God *in Him*" except as He is made *Sin*" as it is *in us*? How can there be an Ascension on man's part, on mankind buried in sin, into Righteousness, except there be an ascension on the part of God? "Who is He that ascended save He who also first descended" into the lowermost depths of sin?

Is the Law of Redemption from sin not also the Law of Deliverance from all evil in human society? The strong must approach the weak, if the helpless are to be strengthened; the wise must condescend to the ignorant, if wisdom is to reach the latter; the rich must embrace the poor, if these are to be made as those; the well must extend the hand to the sick, if the invalid is to possess health; the living must succor the dying, if life is to be their boon. But what is this deliverance from all these woes but the Law of God's Redemption from the sum of all woes, or from the state of sin into that of Righteousness, precisely through such a prior descent into man's state of condemnation and death? It is the law laid down "from the foundation of the world," by which happiness shall come to the miserable. "Every good and perfect gift *cometh down from above*," ere any good may come up from below. Why need we then go in search of some other law: that of 'substitution,' of 'commerce,' or of 'vengeance,' when God already moves good men, benefactors and philanthropists to lift the miserable up to themselves by first going down to them? It must be because the Law of Redemption, when executed directly by God's love and His Son's love, shines too brilliantly for mortal eyes. But, surely, the Law of Redemption, as carried out on Mount Calvary and Calvary's Cross, is no new law—no innovation; it is the law of love *at its best*: "God *so* loved the world!"

Certain good men claimed to see the Cross in every plant, in the bird, in the ship, and in the form of man. It were well did we recognize the Law of Redemption in Humanity, so far as any echo of it still lingers in fallen man: in the family, in the school, in the many callings of society; in the commonwealth, and in the Church. Everywhere deliverance, elevation, happiness and salvation are realized by the bound, the oppressed, the indigent and the miserable, only in the degree in which the free, the exalted, the noble and the good go down into the pits. The Son of Man but followed the law of His brethren, when He would bring them complete Redemption; the chief difference between His act and those of fallen men being: that as "He spake as never man spake," so, too, was His deed of love far above the grandest martyr act of the best of mortals. Such "condescending" love is well designed to challenge men's love for God and Christ, in turn. The Cross becomes eloquent in the exhortation: "Let us love Him who first loved us!" How can that man escape who neglects so great salvation, or slights so unselfish, so self-sacrificing a love? Love of Christ, all love excelling!

David speaketh concerning Him, Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption. Acts 2: 27.

For the Messenger.

Foreign Missions.

I send for publication an appeal to the ministers of the Reformed Church, from the pen and heart of our senior missionary in Japan. It is written in full view of the urgent realities, which require immediate action on our part, in order that the means may be promptly supplied to discharge our duty in the premises. We are now confronted and challenged as we never have been before, by an open door for mission work, and a field set apart for us, second to none in the world. There we can enter and labor, and by the blessing of God, influence millions for Christ. Brethren the time has gone past for us to play at missions, to even retrench our work, or relax in any way. We cannot afford it. We must go on or utterly fail. We must advance all along the line: Dear brethren in the ministry—listen to the appeal.

T. S. JOHNSTON, Secretary.

Appeal to the Ministers of the Reformed Church in the United States.

My dear Brethren in Christ:—Need I stop to excuse myself for thus publicly appealing to you in behalf of six million of people in North Japan. Many of these people are looking directly to us for the blessings we have to give them by the Gospel. Many of you I do not know personally, others of your number I have never seen, but this is no reason why I should not appeal to you for that aid, which the particular crisis of our mission now demands. It is sufficient for me to know that you are my brethren in Christ, and therefore naturally interested in that which in any way is calculated to hasten the establishment of the Kingdom of our Lord in Japan. For many years faithful men and women in our church and others have prayed for an open door in Japan. Thank God those prayers were heard. The door is opened, opened so wide as to be almost thrown from its hinges. Before this open door the Church stands challenged to answer her own prayers.

During my residence in Japan I have come to feel the great desirability of having a field sufficiently large to test the strength of the weakest as well as the strongest, and sufficiently promising to inspire even the most uninterested among us. In looking back over the history of missions it must appear evident to all who will take the trouble to reflect upon the matter, that we have as a Church entered the foreign vineyard of the Lord, as it were at the eleventh hour, but we shall receive our hire, a penny a day, with all the rest. Indeed it would seem that we are to have more than the rest. To us is given a field in North Japan finer than any yet unoccupied field in Asia or Africa. True the area of this field may not be larger than other unoccupied fields, outside of Japan; but it must not be forgotten, that Japan offers greater returns for the same amount of money and men employed than any other field in all heathendom. The people of Japan are civilized, and need but the Gospel to make them a great people. What is still better these people, many of them, are alive to the fact that they need the Gospel. We know this from the fact that we hear them asking for it. They really want to know about it, and they should not be turned empty away. I venture to say that never before has the Macedonian cry for help, come more strongly than at present from North Japan. They are literally begging us to come, offering co-operation to the extent of their means. What more can we ask.

It is known, I suppose, that in consequence of our co-operation with our sister churches' missions in Japan, this most promising field in the North, has been set off to us. This was accepted by us as a mission, in the council of the missions, January, 1876, and afterwards ratified by the Board. This cedes to us now two self-supporting churches and a number of out stations, with a membership of 444. We have here an organized classis, composed of native and foreign missionaries under an evangelistic committee through which all the out stations are managed. This is all under the direction of our mission. In this we are assisted by our native brethren, who give one dollar to our three. Attached to their work there are five Evangelists licensed, and three ordained ministers including Brother Hoy. In the eleven months of the year 1876, 74 souls were added, but in the month of December alone, 92 were added to the number, within the jurisdiction of the classis. What is more these people are willing to do what they can for themselves, they ask but for assistance.

Dear Brethren, it was understood of course when we accepted this field, that we were expected to man the field. We cannot expect to hold the field as our own unless we meet the demands. These people if they do not receive help from us will ask others to come in, and then the field will no longer be our own, and we can't blame them for that. They ask us first, if we refuse they will have their request heard elsewhere. Let us by all means hold this field with all the energy we have. With the aid of our native brethren this will not be a very difficult thing to do. We can do it, if we will do it. This field is, and should be considered as much the field of the Reformed Church as Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio or the West, and appeals as strongly, nay more strongly than others, by their extreme needs. We have brought forth this child as a Church, and now in obedience to the instinct of its nature, it cries for its mother's breast for nourishment. Certainly no call could possibly come with stronger claim upon your sympathies, than just this call from your North Japan Mission, not excepting the call from the West which you have answered. What you have done for Wichita and the West do for us, and you will not fail to see as speedy and as large results.

In this connection I would like to quote a few words from a letter from Bro. Hoy which was handed me while writing this appeal. He says, "Now I am comforted by the fact that you are constantly praying to God for men and means for our field up here. Dear Bro. I see more and more our grand opportunities but at the same time I grow more keenly conscious of our weakness as a mission, hence the necessity of looking to God for speedy help. Two hundred members in and about Tokio and four hundred and forty-four here, and to-morrow a number will be baptized in *Furukawa* where our theological students have been working for some time. So also in Sendai they have regular preaching places," while beside there is much house preaching. The Sunday schools too are doing well. The first Sunday of next month (Feb.), there will be a large class baptized. Hakodate has become self-supporting, and the 24 Christians recently baptized at Mororan, have asked for a pastor whom they will support themselves. I am constantly praying for men and money for the work. Let us do all we can. Oh if only we can hold the field up here."

These words so full of encouragement, give but a glance at the the real work that is steadily going on there and the earnest calls and conscious needs of the work as our brother and sisters see them. And now dear Brethren having told you of the field North and the call for help, let me tell you in a few words just what we want. You have done well but you can do better. We want more money in the treasury. Our treasurer and secretary are constantly meeting our requests by the announcement that there is no money. We want the treasury greatly reimbursed because we have for some time asked for two more men at once. We mean to ask the Board to have the ladies supplied with suitable grounds and buildings for their rapidly growing school, by fall. We mean to ask for a fund set apart for the assistance of worthy young men for the ministry in our Theological Training School. We mean to ask also for an increase of evangelistic funds, to encourage the natives in their giving towards this purpose. If the Board will be enabled to answer favorably all these requests, then we can hold our field, and rejoice together in a great and glorious work.

Dear brethren will you not lay this call before your people at once, so that we may be able to meet the many demands upon us here. May the blessing of God rest upon your labors in America, as well, and may we soon rejoice together in the establishment of our Redeemer's Kingdom in all the earth Yours affectionately in Christ. AMBROSE D. GRING.

Tokio, Jan. 19, '87.

As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. 1 Cor. xv. 49.

For the Messenger.

Making the Most of an Opportunity.

THIS is a rich topic for general discussion. But we do not propose to consider it in a general abstract manner. We have in mind a particular *opportunity*, a *particular person*, who is to make use of it and for *particular reasons*. The opportunity we are thinking of is afforded by the catechumens who are now under instruction in the different charges. They have come for guidance and counsel. They have studied the Scriptures in memorizing the Heidelberg Catechism, following that excellent advice, "Nach dieser Regel suchet in der schuft." Their hearts are touched by the orderly presentation of the full and complete salvation as it is found in Christ Jesus and in Him alone. Their conscience is peculiarly tender at this time urging them to thankful service for Him whose salvation they have now more than ever come to value. Their will is as pliant now as it is likely ever to be. Here, then, is a great opportunity.

Whose opportunity is it? We answer, the pastor's to whom they have come for instruction, who with God's blessing has brought them to the state so rich in promise for the future. He can now reap a rich harvest for God and for himself. He cannot supply the proper motives for work. The truth, of which the catechumens have come to be possessed, alone can and will

do that. That truth alone will awaken the conscience and expiate its guilt, can rouse the will, can challenge that faith which must lie at the basis of all *good* works. "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." In the case of the catechumen, the *truth* is supposed to have in part at least, performed its work upon the heart and mind, the conscience, and the will, and now comes the pastor's opportunity. Now is his time to counsel and direct the energies of the members of his class into channels of usefulness in the Church Now is the time to secure Sunday-school workers, prospective ministers and missionaries, and assistants in the various branches of work which too often the pastor must perform alone. Once more we say *now* is the pastor's opportunity and he should *make the most of it.*

Need we ask why? He should do it for the catechumens' sake. They learned the answer to the question, "Why must we still do good works?" (Heidelberg Catechism, question and answer 86). They know that it is important to engage in distinctively Christian work. All are supposed to be ready and willing to do so, some undoubtedly are. But they are inexperienced. They know not where to lay hold and how to proceed. They need counsel. They look to the pastor for it, and they have a right to do so. Let him make the most of his opportunity by opening avenues of usefulness for them and directing their first efforts.

He should do it for the kingdom of Heaven's sake. How much work there is to be done! How many pulpits are vacant, how many inefficiently filled! How many places where no altars have yet been built and no pulpits raised from which the gospel is proclaimed! Look at our depleted mission treasuries! Then again in every sphere of Christian usefulness, how many with low and perverted views, how many blind leaders of the blind, having zeal without knowledge. These instead of building on the foundation already laid, build upon their own earth-born notions, endangering the salvation of souls and bringing Christianity into disgrace. Now for the kingdom of Heaven's sake the pastor should make the most of his opportunity and train his catechumens for usefulness in the kingdom in order that they may occupy destitute fields and uncultivated places and displace inefficient workmen.

The pastor should make the most of his opportunity *for his own sake.* Those who are catechumens to-day will in a few weeks be full members of the Church. They will then either at once, or gradually, come into one of three classes. They may join the great body of those who are indifferent, lukewarm, neither cold nor hot, whom the Lord "will spew out of His mouth." What pastor does not pray that this may not be the case with any of *his* catechumens? But there is another class, in one sense, even worse than the indifferent. We mean the *grumblers.* Who does not wish to be delivered from the grumblers? Doing nothing themselves, they are perpetually finding fault with the efforts of others. They are always in the way of others who would go forward. Now, the only way to prevent your catechumens from falling into the ranks of the fault-finders is to get them into the ranks of the workers. An active worker takes no time to grumble and find fault. The workers know that the best efforts sometimes fail; therefore they do not exact too much from the pastor. The workers know the value of co-operation; therefore they are ready to co operate with the pastor, to work at his side or to follow where he leads. To the workers he can look for sympathy and appeal for support, and he seldom looks or appeals in vain. Through them he multiplies his own usefulness to the Church. Habitual grumblers are a constant source of annoyance to the pastor and a hindrance to the useful members and the progress of the kingdom.

Pastor, would you stay the course of this annoyance, and relieve your working members from an unnecessary burden? Then make the most of your opportunity for the Church, and for yourself, by training your catechumens to become effective workers.

Catasauqua, Pa. W. F. M.

Ye heavenly gates, lift up your head!
For He, who riseth from the dead,
Your golden threshold soon shall tread!
Alleluia!

For The Messenger.

Missionary Notes.

By Rev. A. C. Whitmer, Superintendent of Missions.

N elder at a missionary convention lately said that we could do great thing if we did them systematically. For example: we have 180,000 communicant members. Drop even the 80,000, and let the rest pay only five cents a week, and $250,000 will come into the treasury. Why can it not be done?

A Word for the Indian.

At a missionary convention of Tohickon Classis, held in March at Quakertown, Pa., Elder Joseph Proctor in an earnest essay in behalf of the American Indian, saying that it is cheaper to Christianize than to exterminate them. The history of the Modocs shows what the Gospel may do in ten years. So of the Nez Perces, nearly half of whom are members of the Presbyterian Church, although ten years ago they were on the war path. The Seminoles who in Florida cost our Government $40,000,000 for war, now after a few years of mission work are a civilized people asking for citizenship. So of other tribes. Shall the Church do her part in saving these nations of America?

Are More Ministers Needed?

"Why call for more ministers, when already so many are without charges? Four seminaries are yearly sending out graduates, and ministers in other Churches are ready to fill our pulpits. Why call for more?"

So some one asks, but it is the voice of many. A writer in the *Hausfreund* answers this question.

1) Our seminaries give us about 25 per year. A few pastors come from Germany. Every year five or ten die and as many more become disabled. The net gain is about a dozen a year. In less than a year the Boards of Missions could locate double this number.

2). Those without charge are largely aged, sick and otherwise unfit for work.

3). Those willing to come from other churches are not of more use to us than to their own Church, and so we do not want them. If they wanted weak charges and hard work and small pay we could give them charges; but this they do not want and so they do not come.

Yes, we need more young men for the ministry. The Church is growing, and we must prepare more men for the work.

And He, of men and angels King,
His chosen ones within shall bring:
Therefore on Easter day we sing,
Alleluia!

For The Messenger.

Organ Dedicatory Service.

HE new church organ recently purchased by Trinity Reformed congregation, Waynesboro, Pa., was dedicated with appropriate services on the afternoon of the 20th ult. The organ occupies a place inside the chancel. Excellent and appropriate music upon the organ and by the choir [illegible] pastor, Rev. F. F. Bahner delivered an address before the dedication of the instrument based upon Eccl. 11: 8, "Musical instruments, and that of all sorts." He divided his remarks under the following heads: Stringed Instruments, Wind Instruments, and Instruments of Percussion. Upon the conclusion of the address the act of dedication was proceeded with. The following ritual compiled by the pastor was used. The pastor acknowledges his indebtedness in the preparation of the service to a similar one prepared several years ago by Rev. C. Cort, and published at the time in the columns of The Messenger. It is given here in order that those having need of a service on a similar occasion may have the use of it or find in it a guide to go by in the preparation of one.

The service shall be introduced with the following *Apostolic Greeting:*

Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Let us pray.

Meet us, O Lord, in all our doings with Thy most gracious favor, and further us with Thy continued help; that in all our work begun, continued and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy holy name, and finally, by Thy mercy, attain everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Here shall follow the reading of several sentences from the 150th psalm:

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in His sanctuary. Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet. Praise Him with stringed instruments and organs.

The *Gloria Patri*, or any other appropriate anthem, shall now be sung by the choir.

Then the minister, having taken his place near the organ, shall say:

Dearly Beloved in the Lord; It has pleased you to secure, in the interests of the service of song in this sanctuary, the organ standing before you, and to meet here to-day for the purpose of witnessing its formal and public consecration to the holy uses for which it is designed.

Music has ever been dedicated to the service of religion, and it is in the worship of the Triune God that it finds its noblest and most fitting use. King David, the royal poet and sweet psalmist of Israel, calls upon all ages and classes of people, upon all the powers of nature, and all the creatures of God's universe, to praise the Lord. Yea, more; he calls upon man to praise God in His sanctuary with the sound of the trumpet, psaltery, cymbal, timbrel, with all manner of stringed instruments and organs. Surely, if it was in accordance with Jehovah's will to have His people sound forth His praise with vocal and instrumental music, in the days of old, there is no valid reason why the same should not be done acceptably to Him in the new and better covenant of grace, in which we have the very substance of the good things typified and hoped for under the Old Dispensation.

In procuring this organ for the use of this congregation you have wrought a good work, and have shown yourselves to be in entire accord with the customs and practices of the Reformed Church, which, throughout her whole history, both in the old world and the new, has deemed it right and proper to worship God in her sanctuaries with vocal and instrumental music. Before dedicating this instrument to the praise and worship of Almighty God, let us again humbly implore His blessing upon us, and reverently unite in professing the articles of our undoubted Christian faith.

At the close of the following prayer, the congregation shall audibly join the minister in the repetition of the *Apostles' Creed.*

Let us pray.

Behold now, O Lord our God, and look unto this place, where we are gathered in Thy name; and have respect to the prayers of Thy servants, and to their supplication, which they pray before Thee this day, to take for Thine own this organ, which we are about to consecrate to the praise of Thy holy name.

O God, our Heavenly Father, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in Him the Father of all who believe, here meet Thy children this day and always teach them to laud and magnify Thy glorious name, and to make a joyful noise unto Thee, the God of their salvation, upon this instrument, and with their voices.

Confirm us, O Lord, we humbly beseech Thee, ever more and more, in the most holy faith of the Gospel, in which we now offer this organ to Thee, and of which we make united confession, saying: *I believe in God,* &c., &c.

A suitable anthem shall here be sung.

The people standing, the minister shall say:

And now, Beloved in the Lord, inasmuch as you have procured this organ that the glory, honor, and praise of the Most High God may be shown forth here, from time to time, in its use, I do solemnly set it apart (here the minister shall lay his right hand on the organ) from all common and secular use, and by this act do consecrate it to the worship of the Triune God, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Let us pray.

O Lord God Almighty, Creator, Upholder and Preserver of all things, we adore Thee as the Maker of our bodies, and the Father of our spirits. We thank Thee for all the capabilities and powers of body and soul with which Thou hast endowed us, whereby we are fitted to know, love, serve and enjoy Thee forever. We thank Thee for the gift of Thine only begotten Son, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. We praise Thee for the establishment of Thy holy Church in the world, for the means of grace, and for the hope of everlasting life set before us in the Gospel.

Accept, O Lord the offerings of our hearts and hands at this time. May this instrument of music, which we have this day dedicated unto Thee, greatly aid in sounding forth the praises of Thy Holy Name in the sanctuary of Thy power. Bless those who here lead Thy people in singing the songs of Zion. Help them always to play and sing with the spirit and the understanding, making melody in their hearts and with their voices unto Thee, the Lord God of Sabaoth. Bless Thy people who assemble in this place, and help them to draw nigh unto Thee, through their great Mediator and Advocate, Jesus Christ, in all their songs and prayers, with humble hearts and grateful spirits; and meekly to hear Thy holy Word. Enable them at all times to worship toward Thy holy hill in the beauty of holiness. Bless, Thou, also, Thy holy Church in all lands, and may Zion arise, and put on her strength and her beautiful garments, throughout all her borders.

And now, O Lord, accept our offerings as we dedicate ourselves anew, in body, soul and spirit, a living sacrifice of thankfulness to Thee, upon the altar of the Gospel. Make us instruments of righteousness to show forth Thy praise in all that we do and say, both now and evermore. Help us to keep Thy Sabbaths, and to reverence Thy sanctuary. Make us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. Fit us for the general assembly and church of the first born on high, the heavenly Jerusalem, and grant that finally, by Thy mercy, we may, with the redeemed of every land and nation, unite with golden harps, in ascribing thanksgiving, and honor, and power, to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, forever and ever.

Hear us in love, and answer us in peace, O God of our salvation; since we ask all these things in the name, and for the sake of Thy Beloved Son, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, who has taught us to pray, (the congregation shall here devoutly unite with the minister in the repeating of the *Lord's Prayer*) saying:

Our Father who art, &c., &c.

Doxology.

Benediction.

If we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with Him; knowing that Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him. Rom. vi. 8, 9.

Angels and wondrous Cherubim,
With high, adoring Seraphim,
Join our exultant Easter hymn,
Alleluia!

Selections.

What the Night May Bring Us

THE night began gloomy and threatening. There were a few street lights burning, but these, by midnight, were all out. The fields had rejoiced in such great, luxuriant robes of snow, but these had been torn by the pitiless rains, and in the rents were the dead grass and withered shrubs. The trees were naked as autumn winds had been able to strip them, and now held up shivering branches, as if beseeching arms, to the sky, that their nakedness might be covered. By morning their prayer was heard. Their twigs were sheathed in white. Was it a crystal wedding in nature, and had all the trees come with their gifts? Had the pear and apple trees turned themselves into chandeliers with pendants of glass? Were the maples and elms ready at a single hint from wind and sun to shower down diamonds? Who had supposed that such possibilities were hidden in the night, and that morning would reveal such beauty?

Does not Easter bring us a corresponding lesson? Before the fact of death men stood appalled. They were dumb, so dark and threatening was the night. If men went to the edge of the abyss, and tried to call across it to their departed, they heard only the echoes of their voices coming back to them in wails. If with brave words they kindled lights at the grave's edge, they soon went out. But Easter comes, and what possibilities it reveals in the state after death! It makes the tomb in the garden luminous with our Lord's resurrection, and then leads us forward to the consummation of the glory of His people in the New Jerusalem, dazzling us with that picture of pearls and diamonds What wait we for now but the fulfillment of these Easter promises, "looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ"?

With courage may we face the trials of life, and with joy be ready to depart and meet the revelations of death.

"Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary;
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last."

S. S. Times.

Family Reading.

Easter Carol.

I.

OLDEN wings of morning
Open in the sky,
Brilliantly adorning
All things from on high;
Heaven and earth are meeting
On this Easter morn,
Heaven gives joyful greeting
To the earth forlorn.

II.

Woe-be gone, and weary
Underneath its sin,
Desolate and dreary,
Hath this poor earth been.
But from out its prison
Comes the captive, free,
For the Lord is risen
Now, triumphantly.

III.

All transfixed with wonder
Angels saw Him, when
On the grim cross yonder,
Jesus died for men.
Earth in terror quaking—
Heaven enwrapped in gloom—
Human hands were taking
Jesus to the tomb.

IV.

Mary and Salome
Saw with sob and moan,
When the fight with hell, He
Breasted all alone.
Silent, sad, and tearful,
Jesus dead they laid,
On that evening fearful,
In the garden shade.

V.

Spices they came bringing
To anoint His clay,
Ere the birds were singing,
Ere the break of day.
But they did not find Him
In the dark grave lain,
For death could not bind Him
With its iron chain.

VI.

So, with glad lips sing we—
Children of the King—
"Grave, where is thy vict'ry?"
"Death, where is thy sting?"
Lift we up His banner,
And His triumph tell,
Greet Him with hosanna,
Lord, Immanuel!

—*Alexander P. Hamilton, DD.*

Deacon Blake's Easter Offering.

BY MRS S. S ROBBINS.

EACON Blake was a deacon of the best type. When he was elected to the office he was a young man of twenty-five with a great heart, a sensible head and a way to make in the world. His heart and his head had made his way, he was now a well-to-do farmer, with a clearly defined position in the town, and a pillar in the church.

This church had held for years to the strictest Puritan principles. Westminster Catechism had been good enough, and clear enough, for generations back to live and die by; there was no reason apparent to its theological brain why it should not suffice for the generations to come.

It kept no holy days but the Sabbath and the Governor's Fast. These it observed with a rigidity that would have made Cotton Mather smile with intense benignity.

"Christmas! Yes, if you could prove that Christ was born on the 25th of December?" "Good Friday! Certainly the most solemn of all solemn fasts, but why that Friday more than any other?" "Easter Sunday! Most blessed of all blessed days, but was not every Sunday a recognition of a crucified and ascended Saviour?" Deacon Blake had been born and bred into this mode of reasoning, yet, in spite of it the worthy man had a hankering after the great religious holidays.

When old Dr. Derby went home to his Father after a faithful pastorate of forty years, and Barnet, waking as from a long, quiet nap, began to look about for some one to take his place, it was Deacon Blake who suggested that they should look for a young man, with greater temerity—even one fresh from the Andover Seminary, and educate him themselves into their own rather (with an apologetic hem) old-time theology.

This proposal had little opposition, a young man had been found who met their needs, had passed the required examination with approbation, had been ordained, married, and was now a popular young shepherd of an old flock. Of course he brought with him many modern innovations, but he was a man of sterling sense, and warm piety, he neither shocked his people with crude criticism of their Westminster Catechism, offered them dilutions of any modern doubts, or set at defiance age-honored custom, that Christmas kept all over the world as the one great birthday belonged to Barnet as well, and with his helpful wife he arranged services fitted for the occasion. There was no opposition, but a quiet, receptive spirit, encouraging to see.

Deacon Blake almost unconsciously congratulated himself on the change, put his name down first, and with the largest sum upon the paper circulated to meet the expense of flowers, Christmas trees, presents for Sunday school scholars, extra music, and a church sociable in the pretty chapel. This was all very well, but by-and-by when the minister, without consulting the deacons, changed his prayer-meeting from Thursday to Friday nights "in order to keep Good Friday," and at the same time announced from his pulpit that on the following Sunday, it being Easter Sunday, he should preach an Easter sermon, there began to be a stirring among the dry bones which threatened the peace. "Was not this going a little to far? Christmas was well enough, but Good Friday, and Easter Sunday? the very names were too Popish for any encouragement from a strictly orthodox congregation."

Here Deacon Blake again put his shoulder to the wheel—a strong, broad shoulder it was, a very set shoulder, that always pushed with a will, and either turned it his way or kept it from moving at all.

He poohed and pshawed whenever he was button holed for consultation, or he said "nonsense," in a tone that would not bear disputing, "for people who had gladly kept Christmas, to make a fuss over Easter," and so, in the end, he turned the crooking path straight. On Good Friday evening the prayer-meeting was a solemn and blessed one. At its close the minister reminded them that God expects from them all on Easter Sunday an offering, and then he went on to explain that it need not be only an offering of money for the benefit of the few poor Barnet held, but, dear to God, it should be an offering up of some cherished sin, known perhaps only to Him. Very impressively he uttered these last words, "And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for the dead and risen Christ's sake, has forgiven you." The shaft went winged home to one heart at least in his audience. Deacon Blake had a spot on his Christian escutcheon which, for the last few years, no effort of friend or foe could induce him to remove.

Pretty Alice Blake had married a handsome ne'er do-weel against her parents' earnest entreaties, at least against her father's stern command, and he had sent her from his home and his heart with words of bitterest condemnation. She was now poor and suffering, but still the father said: "As Alice has made her bed, so, for all me, shall she lie in it," and yet this Alice was the last living one of

seven, and their mother, with the saddest of faces, went silently mourning all her days."

Easter Sunday, succeeding weeks of dull, cold, rainy weather, dawned upon the world with the loveliest of mornings. Deacon Blake had passed an unquiet night, in some mysterious way his dead seemed to be all around him. There were sweet voices, hushed long ago, calling "papa! papa!" There were noisy little footsteps clattering after him, small hands clutching his, so brown and hard, with warm, dimpled fingers. There were sad, dying scenes where he was standing mute and broken-hearted by little beds, watching precious lives go out; there were burials, where small caskets hid from his sight all that was left of his dear ones, and he had said, "It is the Lord's will, let Him do what is pleasing in His sight." Why, to-night, came this ghostly procession? What had so disturbed his dead in their quiet graves? He was glad to see the daylight, glad to get up and find a living, busy world all about him, and to know that it was Easter Sunday.

After breakfast he went on the back porch and stood in the sunshine, looking upon the resurrection of nature, which he seemed for the first time to notice came in unison with that other and far greater resurrection. The trees were tinged with golden russet, the lilacs were pushing out slender, tapering, yellow buds, the buds of crocuses were covered with half-unfolded blossoms, way off in the green fields little pools of water glistened in the cheerful sunlight, and every now and then a happy bird sang an Easter carol. It was a touched, tender heart that noted all these things, and, strange enough, the refrain that kept repeating itself over and over in the excited brain, was not of the resurrection only, but, "And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for the dead and risen Christ's sake, has forgiven you."

Was it God speaking to him? Had He not forgotten that sinning and unforgiven daughter? Must he, her deeply injured father, forgive her for the sake of the dead and risen Christ if he would be forgiven? That the conflict was sharp and bitter, no one who knew Deacon Blake would ever doubt, but it was short. He looked up into the cloudless blue sky above him, with a pathetic pleading for help, to which God never yet turned a deaf ear, and then he said in a gentle voice to the wife whom he heard busy in the kitchen near him: "Mother, there's something about the morning that's got into me. I'm glad it's Easter Sunday; I want to see them flowers and the church trimmed up like a holy day."

"You allers did set by flowers," came back in a sweet voice, "but I never knew you set by the day before."

"Well, mother, it don't seem to be only the flowers, it's all along of that row of little graves in the buryin' ground. I've took to hankering after the children lately, and I want the flowers and the man to tell me over again the old story how He rose from the dead, and cause He died we know we shall have them all again some day."

Now there came only a half-smothered sob in reply. He heard it and added with a strange huskiness in his strong voice:

"I've been thinking powerful much about them lately. Why, Jonas, he'd 'ave been a man. Let's see, twenty-one, nigh on two."

"Twenty-four last fifteenth of June," piped mother.

"It beats all, mother, how you do remember them birthdays; I dare say, now, you could tell every one on 'em."

"Martha, twenty last eighth of August."

"And Bertha Jane? Why, Bertha Jane, she wouldn't have been more than ten now, would she?"

"Sixteen last twenty-third of December."

"You don't! She's allus been a baby to me. She was a dear little thing. She favored you most of all. Her blue eyes were cut out of yours—the very pattern," and he looked into the faded blue eyes of the woman who had come out of the house and was standing near him with the same true love of years ago.

"Let's see," for there had been no answer, only a soft, hysterical catching of a feeble breath. "Who was the next?"

"Samuel Mather, twelve last twenty-third of December."

"Oh, little Sammy, what a smart little feller he was. He'd ask questions the parson even couldn't answer. Perhaps that was the reason the Lord took him, cause He could; but there's no accounting for death. And to think they're all gone, every one on 'em, and you and I, Marthy, are left here alone, just as we began life when we first came to the old farm-house."

"There's Alice," timidly said mother.

"Even as God for the dead and risen Christ's sake has half forgiven you," muttered Deacon Blake unintelligibly.

"What father?" asked mother.

"Nothing, nothing wife," he answered hastily. "I've been a thinking," with an uplifting of his white head, "about Alice, and I've most a mind—most a mind to tackle up old Bess and drive you over there; should you like to go, Marthy?"

"Oh, father," said Marthy, tears streaming down her pale face.

"Well now, mother, don't take on," he said, gently, "the Lord knows what a stubborn old sinner I've been, and if He wasn't marciful for the dead and risen Christ's sake, He wouldn't have nothin' to do with me, and I shouldn't blame Him one bit, not a bit; but it's Easter Sunday, and I've kinder made up my mind to make my Easter offering. Perhaps He won't accept it, and I shan't blame Him; no, I shan't, but I'm going to see Alice afore I shut my eyes for a wink of sleep, and I'm a going to say, 'Alice, have you got a place for your old father in your heart?' If she says No, I shan't blame her one bit, not a bit; I deserve it."

"She won't, oh, father; she loves you dearly," sobbed mother. "I'm so glad! and so is God."

Not a word spoke Deacon Blake in reply. In the soft and beautiful twilight of this Easter Sunday night he made his Easter offering—made it whole-heartedly, with a gentle, tender, broken heart, and who can doubt that God as well as Alice accepted it.

The resurrection of our nobler nature from sin, the Easter Sunday of our soul, who can measure its preciousness? Not we here surely, but by and by in the swiftly coming eternity, knowing as we are known, the sweetest Easter anthem will be the new song, "Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof, for Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood."—*N. Y. Observer.*

Ye mountains, on whose towering steeps
The storm cloud raves, or gently sleeps,
Respond to yon resounding deeps.
Alleluia.

Easter Joys.

EASTER is the most joyous festival in the entire round of Church feasts. It is the crowning glory of them all, for the event it commemorates is the climax of the atoning work of the Son of God and the beginning of a new order of things on earth. Henceforth men are no longer to prepare for death, but to bend all their energies to get ready for life and immortality, which Christ has assured to them that are His. What a new aspect the resurrection puts upon our existence here. It sanctifies sorrow, it ennobles self-denial, it dignifies persecutions and exalts the commonest drudgery for the Master into a kind of means of grace; for our present afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. However falsely the world may estimate a Christian's self-denial as making him of all men most miserable, these know that for the other life their hope in Christ shall make them of all creatures most blessed and happy.

And to the afflicted ones of earth the Easter tidings are full of gladness. Here their bodies are racked with pain or consumed by lingering disease, their limbs are crippled and deformed, their minds weakened and impaired. But a better day is dawning. It shall bring not simply release from all this, but will usher in a time when new and strange powers of mind and body shall be theirs, when mental vision will be cleared and strengthened and bodily faculties will be perfected and glorified. For as Christ the first fruits of the resurrection arose from the tomb with a glorified body, untrammeled by the laws of space and time, and wonderful in its new and strange capabilities, so shall all the bodies of His saints arise, "holy, beautiful and immortal," for "we shall be like Him."

He is still the same, though risen and exalted to the highest power. He who spoke in words of tender love to Mary as she stood weeping by the open sepulcher is still the same. His words of entreaty still fall upon our ears, His personal presence is still with us, and the promise, "Lo, I am with you always," to sympathize and comfort and help in every hour of need, in every time of trouble, is not the least of the many Easter blessings that are ours.—*Workman.*

O mighty seas, that circle round
The earth to its remotest bound,
Re-echo from your depths profound,
Alleluia!

An Easter Fancy.

MY mother weeps for me, said the angel of the child; her tears fall on my heart, I cannot rest. Does she not know I am at home in my Father's house, escaped from poverty, hunger and cold, from the pent up room in the smoky street, from summer's heat, from the world's neglect? Go tell her. She has laid upon my empty tomb a flower; she weeps; her tears fall only on dust; go tell her that I am risen. Tell her that I am free; that I am passed into the inheritance of the children of light. She is blind, said the child; could she see me as I am she would give me willingly. Tell her that I can not return to her, but she shall come to me. The radiant seraph who had been her child, smiled; tell her there is no more weeping here, nor any sorrow.

A breath of the south wind came; it raised the dust of the child's tomb; the woman saw it was empty indeed, and that the spirit of her child was not there, but there in the empty place she read in letters of light, "He is not here, He is risen;" and the strong south wind again brought back the dust and covered the mound as it was, but she now knew truly that the child was not there. And she heard from each flower bell, as it rang in the wind and sun, the same sweet song sung in myriads of voices, "He is not here, He is risen, come see the place where He lay."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

Ye heavens, with glittering stars that beam,
To-day take up the glorious theme—
Praise Him who reigns o'er Death supreme!
Alleluia!

Youth's Department.

"Our Lord is Risen."

BY ANNIE H. STREATER.

REJOICE, ye little children,
For Christ is risen to-day;
In vain the tomb they guarded—
The stone is rolled away.

The darksome hours are over;
The agony is past;
The low'ring clouds have vanished,
And sunshine comes at last.

So sad those hours of trial—
So dark and full of woe;
Yet 'twas for us, dear children,
Our dear Lord suffered so.

He loveth well His children,
And knoweth every need—
Rejoice, for "Christ is risen"—
"Our Lord is risen," indeed!

—*Churchman.*

An Easter Lily.

IT had been a long, long time in getting ready to bloom. Months and months ago Uncle James had brought the root to Nellie from the distant Bermudas. Her mother had carefully placed it in a pot, and together they had watched the growth of blade, stalk, leaf and bud, until, at length, they beheld a perfect flower.

Nellie had other plants, quite a variety of them, indeed. She was a delicate child, and because she had to stay in the house through so great a part of the rough, cold winter, her father had made her a window-garden. Geraniums, fuchsias, roses, heliotrope and mignonette made the family sitting-room to look like fairy-land, but among them all no flower was so admired and treasured as the pure white Easter lily. It had come to its blooming, too, in just the right time. The Sunday-school children were to make offerings of flowers and plants in helping to keep the festival in which we love to remember the resurrection of our Lord, and Nellie had been very anxious all the winter through, that her spotless lily might be among the offerings. What was her happiness, then, in watching the gradual unfolding of the bud which reached perfection at the Eastertide?

It was the long-looked-for Saturday—the day on which the plants were to be carried to the church and placed upon the pulpit. While the family were taking breakfast a message came from a neighbor's house. Mrs. Loomis, a near friend, and the mother of Nellie's playmate, Willie, had suddenly been called from earth to heaven. It was sad news to those who had loved her and who must henceforth miss her from their lives, but to the loving Christian woman the angel of death had been also an angel of light. Though he came at an unexpected moment, he found her ready to enter into the joy of her Lord.

On receiving the message, Nellie's mother at once arose from her seat, saying: "I must go and see if I can do anything for the family."

"May I go with you and see Willie," asked Nellie, "perhaps he might like to have me with him. And oh! mother, may I take him my lily? I am sure that would make him feel better. It looks so pretty to-day."

"Yes, my dear, you may give it to him if you wish. I think it will do him good to know that you feel for him in this great sorrow."

So the mother and daughter went out on their errand of sympathy, carrying with them the cherished flower.

They found little Willie in tears. Young as he was he was old enough to know that he had lost his best earthly friend. "Oh, Nellie," he cried, "my mamma has to be put in the grave."

"Poor Willie?" said Nellie, soothingly. "Do not cry. Try not to feel so badly. Your mamma is in heaven where she will be happy always. And see, I have brought you my lily."

"Yes, look at it, Willie," said Nellie's mother. "See how lovely and white it is, and yet the stalk is growing out of this dark, damp ground in the flower-pot.

"We do not look much at the ground, but only at the beauty of the flower. So you must not think of the place where your mamma's body is to be laid, but remember that she will rise again 'in the resurrection at the last day.' This is just the time when everybody is thinking how Jesus rose from the grave. He was and is the Prince of Life, whom death itself could not hold in its power.

"He has taken the soul of your dear mamma—the part of her that thinks and feels—to a bright and glorious place. Some day He will raise her and all others from the grave. Then she will have a body far more beautiful than the one that must be laid out of your sight. It is something we cannot understand but that we must believe. Try to think of it when you look at Nellie's flower."

Willie listened quietly. I think the words of his friend gave him some comfort, for he kept the lily by him day and night until it faded. Then he watched the other buds that came out one by one upon the plant, and seemed to love them as though they had been able to speak to him themselves.

Thus the Easter lily fulfilled its mission—not the one for which it had been intended by its own, but the one for which it had grown.

Nellie missed it a little from the particular spot on the pulpit where she had planned that it should be, but I know she was never sorry that she had taken it as a comforter to her playmate in his loneliness and grief.

COUSIN LOIS.

Ye Thrones, Dominions, Princes, Powers,
From your celestial heights and towers,
O join to-day your notes with ours!
Alleluia!

A Little Easter Sermon.

THE baby, who is usually and generally a very good little boy, had a very hard day. Nurse says he got out at the wrong side of his crib in the morning, she thinks. At least he came down to breakfast with a very pouting face, cried because he could not have hot cakes, pulled the cat's tail till she mewed for mercy, promised his mamma to try hard to be a good boy, but went into his papa's study two minutes afterward and spilled a bottle of ink over his white apron, promised to be good, but very soon afterward forgot again, and slapped the very little baby because she had his rubber ball.

It was a miserable day for the little boy, always falling down and getting up again, only to repeat the performance. He was really glad to go to bed an hour earlier than usual, even if it was for punishment, because he was so tired out with trying to be good, and only being naughty after all.

When he had said his prayers, asked the dear Lord to take care of him all the night and forgive him all his naughtiness, he looked up in his mother's face and said: "Mamma, me'll go to sleep and the Lord'll tate tare of Baby Ben, and when me wakes up again me'll be all good again." Then he laid his curly head on the pillow, shut his blue eyes, and in a moment was fast asleep, with Polly-dolly hugged close to his side.

So, little children dear, it is and will be with us all. Everybody who loves the Lord and wants to do as He tells them, *means* to be good, tries hard but falls down a great many times during this earthly day of ours, and then, as Baby Ben did, gets up to try again.

Don't be discouraged, little children, and ready to give up, no matter how many times you forget and do wrong when you mean to do right. The dear Lord can look way down into your hearts, and see whether you really *mean* to do right. Only keep trying all your earthly life and then when the night of death comes, and you lie down, trusting in the Lord, to take your rest, He will take care of you, and surely waken you to the new day when all sin and sorrow shall be wiped away forever.

And the reason why we celebrate this holy time, dear children, is just this reason I've been telling you.

The blessed Lord Himself lived through earthly days more terrible, more full of sorrow and suffering, than any He ever sent His children to bear. He laid him down and slept through the night of death, and rose again as at this time, that we through Him might be saved and live with Him in that everlasting Easter-day beyond the grave, where there will never be any more sin or suffering, no one will be unhappy or naughty, but all will be peace, love, joy, and righteousness, around the great white throne.—*Churchman.*

To-day all ransomed nature saith:
Let every creature that hath breath
Praise Christ, the Lord, who conquered Death!
Alleluia! Amen!

The Daughter's Room.

The care of the sitting-rooms and kitchens comes under the management of the grown-up portion of the family, but every little girl from 10 years old and upwards loves to think that her bedroom is her very own, her special domain, where she may reign absolutely, with none to dispute her right. Here, then, is the mother's chance, if she is only judicious enough to turn it to account. Encourage the little one by all means in the belief that the room is hers—hers to beautify and adorn in any way which her fertile little brain may devise; hers to retire to when she wishes to be alone, either to do stern battle with her lessons, or, girl-like, to dream her wonderful day dreams; and hers above all to keep in perfect order and neatness. This knowledge will go a long way towards fostering in the child all those elements of character so essential in the woman, and will be the means of making her gradually exercise her individual tastes and ideas, and thus acquire an interest in domestic concerns which, under our circumstances, she might never obtain.—*Country Gentleman.*

The Heart—A Wonderful Pump.

Did any one of our readers ever stop to think what a wonderful thing a human heart is? How it keeps on pumping the life-blood through the various blood vessels, night and day, year in and year out! And did you ever try to find out how many times it beats in a life-time? If a child lives one year the little heart throbs 63,000,000 times, and a person at middle life (thirty-six years) 1,229,904,900, and if we should live to the age of eighty, this little pump throws a stream through the arteries the enormous number of 3,007,040,000 times. Is it any wonder it sometimes gets out of order? Is it not more of a wonder that it does not wear out sooner? Just think of these little muscles contracting so many times and every contraction wearing out some particle which has to be supplied by the system. Can any one think of this and then say everything came by chance, and that there is no God who rules and governs all things?

Pleasantries.

Mark Twain says that a boy tugged away at the definition of "demijohn," and at length produced one which really isn't very bad in its way:—Demagogue—a vessel containing beer and other liquids.

"I shall go to Labrador for the salmon this year." "Vewy jolly. I shall shoot the gwouse, my boy, in Scotland." "Have you got a moor!" "Well, no; but I've a bwan new suit of sheppard plad twousaws, and a Scotch tewwlaw, ye know."

First Omaha Girl—Yes, that Mr. Newbeam is handsome, but he's such a fool. Second Omaha Girl—It doesn't seem possible. It's true, though. At the concert the other night I caught him staring at me, and I looked back at him in a surprised, angry sort of way, you know." "Of course." Well, he didn't once glance in my direction again the whole evening."

A song with the title, "There's a sigh in the heart," was sent by a young man to his sweetheart, but the paper fell into the hands of the girl's father, a very unsentimental physician, who exclaimed "What wretched unscientific rubbish is this? Who ever heard of such a case?" He wrote on the outside: "Mistaken diagnosis; no sigh in the heart possible. Sighs relate almost entirely to the lungs and diaphragm!"—*Youth's Companion.*

THE MESSENGER.

Rev. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., Editor-in-Chief.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects, and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the **business of the Office** on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way that it can be separated from the communication without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscript.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1887.

The Easter Joy.

Ho ye bereaved ones! listen to the trumpetings of the Angel of the Resurrection! "Now is Christ risen and become the first fruits of them that slept."

Ever since the fall of man death has been leading the human race into the gloomiest of all captivities. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, the king and his subject, the lord and his vassal—all men in all ages, climes and conditions, have had but one destination, and that a charnel house. Our own loved ones—venerated parents, and fond husbands and wives, and dear little children, and sons in the strength of their manhood, and daughters in the bloom of their beauty, have been swept away from us and their forms have become the food of the unpitying worm. And for thousands of years there was no light to gild the gloom, much less was there a power manifested to reverse the decree by conquering the conqueror. And although sages had waited for it in hope, and prophets foretold it, the night was dark.

But one morning, He who had come for our redemption and been made obedient unto death, came out from His garden sepulchre clothed with might and fragrantwith His own glorious incorruption; and since that hour the grave has been but the furrow into which the seeds of a glorious immortality must need be cast. Ho ye bereaved ones listen to the trumpetings of the Angel of the Resurrection. "Now is Christ risen and become the first fruits of them that slept." His resurrection is the warrant of our own resurrection and now even the timid girl—the pale, emaciated invalid, whose eyes the fingers of tearful love are closing for the long sleep, can stand boldly in the presence of the monster and sing, "O death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory. Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Urging Them to Christ.

Those who think that admission to the full communion of the Church after catechization is unattended by any work of the Holy Spirit, know very little of the heart-struggles of young people who receive instruction with a view to a solemn profession of their faith. This an important week for them, because Easter is a season at which they will be called upon to decide whether they will assume the vows taken for them by their parents at the the time of their baptism. Some there may be who will have no proper sense of what is involved in the transaction, and they will be challenged by their pastors, however willing they may be to submit to confirmation as a mere form.

We will undertake to say, however, that most of the catechumens will shrink from the privilege and duty through timidity. The class of young persons with whom this feeling is likely to prevail is generally the largest, and in one sense the most interesting. They are trembling lambs outside the fold when the shepherd has opened wide the gate and bid them "come." Their diffidence is better than presumption would be, since a sense of unworthiness which is often confounded with unfitness is an evidence of true preparation. It is just the soul that feels its need of Christ that is fitted to receive His grace. The supply can never be appreciated until the want is felt.

Yet the misapprehension of the young heart when paralyzed by fear is the most difficult to remove. Experienced pastors, we think will bear us out in saying this. Strange that it is so hard for the humble penitent to realize that the only hope is in going to the open arms of Jesus, and that for every duty required God will give the grace and strength. To that and that alone every one must be encouraged.

No Hope in Mere "Nature."

People talk much now-a-days about the Laws of Nature, and the necessity of obedience to them. All right in one way; there are some things we cannot do with impunity. If a man walks out on the air from a church belfry gravitation will bring him down. If he violates a law of health, he is bound to suffer for it.

But suppose he should not violate the laws of nature as men know them? Will nature save him? Alas the law of nature is now the law of mortality. Men die on level pavements and wear out in practicing hygiene. Sin has interrupted the original processes of the outward world and turned everything into a possible instrument of death, and worse than that, the seeds of dissolution are in man himself, so that "dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return," is, after all, the great natural law, in which the whole present order of things finds its consummation. The man who is satisfied with mere nature has nothing promised to him but death.

But are we satisfied with this? Let those who would ignore the supernatural as an element in man's history and in his hopes, try to answer the question. Has man ever or anywhere consented to be jailed up in this mortal sphere with no outlet from the grave? No, here at the tomb, if nowhere else, our entire nature calls for a supernatural power that can reverse the law of death and open the way for our glorification beyond. And here the divine power which Christ brought into the service of our humanity culminated. The miracle of His resurrection is fundamental and without it all our faith and hope is vain. All grace is supernatural and its efficacy rests in this that it enables us to transcend nature and overcome historically even the last enemy.

Honor to Dr. Schaff.

The University of St. Andrew's, the oldest in Scotland, has conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Dr. Schaff. This is the third honor of the kind he has received. The first came from Marshall College, then at Mercersburg, 1845; the second from Berlin, 1854; the third from St. Andrew's, 1887. We well remember when the first one was announced. The young professor was so greatly astonished and abashed that he could hardly refrain from protesting against it from the stage. It seemed like forestalling him. Yet his attainments were then far in advance of the average of men thus honored. The degrees afterwards conferred at Berlin and again more recently at St. Andrew's, are very complimentary. They are not simply *ad eundem gradum*, but separate and distinct recognitions of the literary and theological culture of the man.

Decease of Dr. Ray Palmer.

Rev. Ray Palmer, D.D., known all over the Christian world as the author of the hymn—

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,"

died at his residence in Newark, New Jersey, on Tuesday, 29th ult. Dr. Palmer was born in Rhode Island in 1808, studied at Philips Academy, Andover and afterward at Yale College where he graduated in 1830. He was licensed to preach at New Haven where he had studied theology in July, 1832, three months before his marriage. Dr. Horace Bushnell was licensed at the same time.

For awhile Dr. Palmer had taught in a seminary for girls in New York, but in 1835, he was made pastor of the Congregational church in Bath, Maine, which he served fifteen years, and then took charge of a congregation in Albany, N. Y., which he served for an equal length of time. In 1866 he was elected secretary of the Congregational Mission and held that position for twelve years. Since that time he has been living in semi-retirement in Newark, New Jersey, supporting himself by literary labor, and doing in large part the pastoral visitation in Belleview Avenue Congregational Church. The fiftieth anniversary of his ordination and marriage was celebrated at Newark, on the 11th of October, 1882, and the occasion, a notable one, attracted much general attention in church circles.

Two volumes of original verse have been published by Dr. Palmer, and some of his hymns are found in almost every modern collection. Among his best-known, in addition to "My Faith looks up to Thee," are the following: "Away from earth my spirit turns;" "Jesus, these eyes have never seen;" "Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts;" "Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide Thou with me;" "Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb;" "Take me, O my Father, take me;" "Come, Holy Ghost, in love;" and "Oh! sweetly breathe the lyres above."

The first mentioned however is the best known. It was composed when he was twenty-two years of age, and the loose sheet of paper on which it was writen is still preserved. The following were the circumstances under which it was given to the public. The author had no thought of publishing it, but, shortly after it was writen, Dr. Lowell Mason, the celebrated musical composer, met Mr. Palmer in Boston, and asked him for some sacred verses to set to music. He gave Dr. Mason, "My faith looks up to Thee." Two or three days later the two men met again. "Mr. Palmer," said Dr. Mason earnestly, "you may live many years and do many things, but you will always be best known as the writer of this hymn." Dr. Mason composed for it the favorite tune of "Olivet" to which it is generally sung.

Personally Dr. Palmer was a most loveable man.

The Conquest of Death.

Many conquests there have been; and the Histories of Conquest form an important part of the literature of the world. There is, however, one, before which all the rest, however brilliant, must needs "pale their ineffectual fires;" of which, indeed, every other conquest is but a faint reflection and a far-off suggestion. It is the Conquest of Death by Jesus Christ our Lord. When shall the glory of it fade? When shall the story cease to be told of the Stronger than the Strong; and how He came upon the strong armed man keeping his palace, and overcame him, and took from him all his armor wherein he trusted, and divided his spoils? Men will never have done wondering at the mighty Conqueror's lowly going forth; at the veiled majesty, and power, and splendor of the campaign; at the terrific shock of the collision and combat with the adversary; at the glory of the victory; at the peaceful, blessed and everlasting results of the conquest. What a History of Conquest is the history of our Saviour's Life, Sufferings, Death and Resurrection! It was a great victory. No language is too strong to express the overthrow of death by Jesus Christ. It is said in the Scriptures that by death He has "destroyed" death; it is said that He has "abolished" death and brought life and immortality to light. The word used is the same in both instances. It is a strong word; signifying to make void, to bring utterly to naught. This is what our Saviour has done with death by means of His Death and Resurrection.

We speak, for the most part, very narrowly, when we speak of death. When we speak of death it is physical death, mostly, that we mean; we have reference to that separation of soul and body by which our life in its present earthly form is brought to a close. If this were death, it might seem strange that Christ should have destroyed death and physical dying should nevertheless remain a fact in human experience. But we forget that the circumstance of physical dying is not so much death, in the proper sense, as rather one of the signs of the presence and power of death; one of the items merely in its destructive agency. Physical death is as little the essence of death as never-ending duration of existence is the essence of the Everlasting Life of the Gospel. Death is a thing of the soul and the soul's relation to God. It has its seat in man's moral and spiritual nature; it has its cause and essence in separation and alienation, through sin, from God, the source of all life. Physical death is but a symptom of it; the external and visible side of it; the outward manifestation, in the realm of the body, of its destroying power in the realm of the spirit.

Now, our Saviour, in dealing with death, dealt, not with the symptoms of it, but with death itself. He manifests here, as He does everywhere, that lofty, characteristic disregard of that which is external, circumstantial, incidental, as distinguished from that which is central, cardinal, essential. His ways are the ways of the genuine conqueror. He took no outpost merely; which would have been taken in vain, had the centre of the enemy's strength been left unsubdued; which would be certain to fall in the end, the centre having once been taken. He aimed directly at the centre of His enemy's strength. He sought His adversary's great stronghold. He came upon the strong man in his palace. He stormed and took the citadel; and left disorder and confusion, and fear and trembling, and overthrow and loss of power to befall every outpost of the enemy's forces, wherever it might lie. It was thus that our great Saviour conquered death.

As regards physical death, we can conceive of our Saviour as dealing with it in either one of two ways. He might have acted upon it directly; He might have removed it; He might have absolved us from the necessity of dying. If His conquest of death had consisted in this, and nothing more, our lot would then have been like that of the fabled Tithonus, whom Aurora loved, and for whom she procured from Jove the gift of immortality. But it was a poor immortality that he gained, being a mere negative exemption from dying. The goddess had forgotten to ask for him the additional gift of immortal youth. And so old age came upon him, and decrepitude and misery; and gladly would Tithonus in his wretchedness have died; but he could not die, for he had the fatal gift of exemption from dying. Or else disregarding for the time being the circumstance of physical death, and allowing it to remain, as not belonging to the root of the matter, our Saviour might have planted in the heart of our being such a principle of immortality, such a seed of everlasting life, such a divine vigor of immortal youth, as should not only neutralize, but positively change and transform the experience of dying, causing it to be no longer now the consequence and punishment of sin, but the final abolishing of sin and the entrance into the perfect life of heaven. This is what He did. As regards the matter of dying, He has done for us more and better than we should ever have asked or conceived. He has conquered death with a conquest more thorough than we should ever have dreamed. It was a great victory, deserving to be had in everlasting remembrance, and to be celebrated with songs of praise and thanksgiving, as it is, throughout the Christian Church, this joyful Easter-tide.

J. S. K.

Christ's Resurrection Salutation.

"Peace be unto you," was our Lord's first salutation to His disciples after His resurrection. There is nothing remarkable about these words in themselves considered. They comprise the ordinary form of salutation in vogue among the Jews. As we salute one another by saying "Good morning" or "Good evening," so were they in the habit of saying, when they met, "Peace be unto you," and this form of salutation is still used by Oriental nations. When persons approach each other they make their salam. They prostrate themselves and say "Salam," that is, "Peace be unto thee." So universal is the custom that the word salam with us designates both the manner and the form of an oriental salutation.

Our Saviour made His "salam" to His disciples when He appeared unto them after He had risen from the dead. But why did He repeat the expression? Evidently because He attached a deeper significance to it than it usually contained. In His farewell address the night before His crucifixion, He said to His disciples: "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you." Here He draws a sharp contrast between the empty and often meaningless salutations of the world and the profound import of the same words when used by Himself. He did not simply wish His disciples peace, but actually conferred it upon them.

There is a great deal said in the Bible of the peace of which Jesus is the author. Isaiah, in speaking of the birth of the wonderful child, calls Him the Prince of peace. Zacharias, at the circumcision of John the Baptist, says that Jesus shall guide our feet in the way of peace. At His birth the angels sang: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Jesus preached peace and gave peace to the hearts of His followers. The apostles also preached peace by Jesus Christ, and spoke of the peace which we have from God the Father and from our Lord Jesus Christ, the peace which passeth all understanding.

What then is the significance of this term as used by the Saviour and His apostles? Peace presupposes conflict, and is the result of victory. It is the state of tranquillity which ensues after a struggle is ended. Where there has been no conflict there cannot properly speaking be peace. There may be harmony, because harmony does not necessarily imply discord. There has been harmony in the Being of God from all eternity. And before the crash of sin and ruin came there was harmony in the world. When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy the music which they rendered was exquisitely beautiful and perfectly harmonious. With sin came discord and conflict. But Jesus Christ removed these. And the music of the new creation, of which He is the author, is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

In His own Person Jesus was sinless, but as the Head of the race and the Redeemer of the world, He was made sin for us and died for our offences. God as the Holy One was necessarily in conflict with man as a sinner. He gained the victory over man, and yet saved him by Himself enduring in the Person of His Incarnate Son the utmost penalty of sin, and at the same time continually rising superior to this penalty, which fact became specially manifest in our Lord's triumphant resurrection, whereby He conquered sin and death and therefore was able to bring to His disciples as the result of His victory the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

The world says, "Peace, peace," but there is no peace. It takes thirty hundred thousand soldiers to keep the peace in Europe. Why all these soldiers? Because the six great powers of Europe hate and distrust one another, and are only waiting for an advantageous opportunity to engage in war. When Christ said, "Peace," to the raging storm on the sea of Galilee, there was a great calm. May He speak to thy heart, gentle reader, and bring to thee the true peace which the world can neither give nor take away, but which is the fruit of His risen, glorified life.

G.

The Resurrection.

The resurrection of our Lord on Easter morning is a pledge of our resurrection. It comes to us, in our dread of death and in our hopelessness, as the signs of spring come to winter-enthralled, ice-bound nature. It drives away our gloom. It gives joy and gladness. It fills the despairing heart with hope. It substitutes the certainty of immortality for the paralyzing fear of annihilation.

It is terrible to die. We stand appalled at the thought of bidding farewell to everything that enters into and surrounds our existence. Our ears will be deaf to all sounds. Our eyes will look their last upon the fair face of earth and sky. Our hearts will cease to throb. Our nerves will no longer thrill with pleasure or pain. Understanding and reasoning and recollection will be at an end. Fear and love and hate, the emotions, the sensibilities and the will, will have exhausted their powers. Not even in our ashes will live these wonted fires. The light will go out. The hearthstone of our life will be cold. He is not, will be said of each one of us.

No wonder men shrink back from this prospect, and shudder, as they stand by the dark river that divides time from eternity. It is not strange that they name the messenger, who summons them hence, the king of terrors. It was no doubt the instinctive dread of death which led thoughtful men in all ages to give the most favorable interpretation to all the indications of the continued existence of the soul beyond the realms of sense. Homer describes the visit of Ulysses to the place of shades, where he met and talked with his heroic companions, who had fallen on the blood-stained banks of the Simois and Scamander and around the fateful walls of Troy. Socrates said: "I shall fly far away, nothing of me will be left behind, but if you are able to catch up with me, or happen upon me anywhere, bury me as seems good to you." Plato taught the immortality of the soul. The Romans spoke of death as a departing from life. And the Old Testament Jews believed that if a man died he should live again.

But what proof had these people that they were right? May it not be said of them that "the wish was father to the thought?" There is a large element of uncertainty in their ideas upon the subject of a future life. They are "blank imaginings of a creature moving about in worlds not realized." "High instincts" they may be, but they rest upon no foundation of divine revelation or clearly ascertained and indisputable fact. They suggest possibilities and faint hopes, but they fall short of producing faith or certain assurance.

But Christ, in His doctrine, and after-

wards in His resurrection, brought life and immortality to light. He taught with authority. He said: "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." His words were clear and distinct about a future life, and they were made indisputable by His showing Himself alive after He had been dead. We may search the whole mass of ancient and modern poetry and philosophy; and it will not be an unpleasing or altogether profit less task. That pathway is decked with rare flowers. Many an inspiring vista opens to the traveler's view. He even catches a glimpse here and there of the reflections cast upon this life by that beyond the grave. But that is all. We must say to Christ, at least, as did the early disciples: "Lord, to whom should we go? Thou only hast words of eternal life." Christ "overcame death, and Him that had the power of death, and delivered them, who through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." The risen Christ is the ground of our faith, the foundation of our certainty that we shall live forever. He is "the resurrection and the life." L.

Our General Agent reports *fifteen* new subscribers for THE MESSENGER and *one* for the *Hausfreund* in the Duncannon Charge, Rev. S. S. Myer, pastor, and *twenty-seven* for THE MESSENGER and *four* for the *Hausfreund* in the Sunbury Charge, Rev. J. Cal. Leinbach, pastor. The Agent is again on his way to finish up the canvassing of the Pittsburgh Synod. F.

Communications.

Adjourned Meeting of the Franklin and Marshal College Alumni Association of Philadelphia.

The Franklin and Marshall College Alumni Association of Philadelphia held an adjourned meeting on the evening of the 31st ult., in the Committee Room of Association Hall, this city, President Johnston in the chair.

The committee appointed at the last meeting to draft constitution and by laws reported through the chairman, Charles G. Fisher. After a careful consideration of the articles of the constitution and by laws, with some amendments, the whole was unanimously adopted by the association is as given above. The object is set forth as being to cultivate social relations between Franklin and Marshall men in Philadelphia and its vicinity, and promote the interests of the college represented. It is designed to have a meeting once a year, which is to be followed by a dinner. The time and the annual place of meeting is to be determined by the executive committee, the time, however, to be as near to the opening of each year as possible. Arrangements will be immediately made to have the first annual meeting and dinner this spring yet, of which due notice will be given to the college men in this city and vicinity. It is to be hoped a lively interest will be taken in this association by every one entitled to membership in it.

The officers elected to serve until the annual meeting are:—*President*, Geo. H. Johnston; *Vice-President*, S. H. Guilford; *Secretary*, F. E. Bucher; *Treasurer*, James Crawford; *Executive Committee*, Chas. G. Fisher, W. W. Weigley, and T. A. Fenstermaker; *Auditing Committee*, O. E. Shannon, A. S. Gerhard, and E. S. Johnson. F.

Our Orphans' Homes.

The Reformed church is at present supporting four Orphans' Homes, located at Womelsdorf, Pa., Butler, Pa., Fort Wayne, Ind., and Detroit, Mich. According to the latest published statistics there are 184 children in these homes. Our church has in round numbers 184,000 confirmed members. The support, therefore, which we are giving this work is at the rate of one orphaned or neglected child for every 1000 members. On the basis that the cost of keeping a child is $100 a year, the contribution annually is ten cents. But this estimate is too high. Deducting the number of children in our homes not dependent on the church for support (boarders and soldiers' orphans) and adding the unconfirmed to the confirmed membership of the church, for these largely support this work, and again finding the average, the amount contributed, as near as we can get at the figures, is five cents per member per year. This is still too high. To get the correct figures some other facts would have to be taken into consideration, but we will not draw any further conclusions; only, since there are many who do much, yea, a hundred and a thousand times more than this, there must be a large number in the church who never do anything to support the Orphans' Homes.

We are well aware that many appeals are made to the members of the church for contributions to support various objects, but this is not a new work, and the importance of it is recognized by every true follower of the Master who would heed the command, "Feed my lambs." Does a contribution of five cents, and less, per member represent the amount that our church can do for this cause? A letter recently received from the superintendent of the oldest established orphans' home in the United States, the "Bethesda Home," at Savannah, Georgia, contains this sentence, "The institution is supported from rents from our real estate in the city of Savannah; we also have several hundred members and each one contributes *five dollars* per year." It is true we do not expect any such amount from our church members, it is also true that our homes, with the present number of inmates, are fairly well supported, but cannot this work be enlarged? With little if any additional hired help, our four homes could probably care for 100 more children than we have at present. Are there no children of Reformed parents who are neglected, and for whom it would be a blessing, if they were safely housed in one or the other of our institutions?

If there are none, our people have great cause for thankfulness, and our gratitude to God, that we have no more children who need the charity of others, could not express itself in a more fitting way than in helping to provide for those of other faiths or of no faith who are neglected; for it is the glory of the religion of Jesus Christ that it helps all those who stand in need of help.

The work that we do now to elevate mankind by taking the little ones and bringing them up under good influences will not be done in vain, for, although the fruit of our labors may not immediately appear, we are assured that bread cast upon the waters shall be found after many days. T. M. Y.

Bethany Orphans' Home,
Womelsdorf, Pa.

St. Paul's Reformed Church, Kutztown, Pa.

In the MESSENGER of March 23d there appeared an account of the formal organization of St. Paul's Reformed church of Kutztown, Pa. Such organization had been ordered at the last annual meeting of Lehigh Classis, pursuant to a petition then presented. And although the committee appointed by Classis to formally complete the organization did not attend to their duties until the twelfth of March, 1887, the petitioners, acting upon the permission of Classis, prosecuted their work with commendable vigor and unflagging zeal, and the most gratifying success has crowned their labors. Not only is their large and beautiful new church nearly ready for dedication, but their first confirmation and communion services have already been held there. Two weeks after the formal organization above referred to, the congregation again assembled, and Saturday and Sunday, March 26th and 27th, will ever be remembered in the history of this young and promising congregation. Concerning the character of the festivities then observed we quote from the Allentown *Daily Item* of the 29th ult.:

"What promises to become the largest and most vigorous congregation in Kutztown witnessed its first confirmation service last Saturday afternoon. We refer to the newly organized St. Paul's Reformed church of that ancient borough, and the confirmation of thirty-one catechumens, by the Rev. Edwin A. Gernant, of this city. These had been duly catechised and instructed since last fall. The Rev. Mr. Gernant had officiated at the laying of the corner-stone of St. Paul's church, on Whit Sunday, 1886, and his services have already been secured for the consecration and dedication, to take place in the near future. Services were also held Saturday evening and on Sunday morning and evening, at all of which Rev. Gernant officiated. On Sunday morning the Holy Eucharist was celebrated, about two hundred persons partaking of the Lord's Supper. On each occasion the church was crowded with an interested congregation of worshipers. The building is practically completed, but we reserve a description of the same until the time of its dedication. It is conceded on all hands that the congregation gives every promise of a glorious future. Mr. Gernant assures us that were he not devoted to his present large field of labor, he would not hesitate to cast his lot with St. Paul's, of Kutztown."

Palatinate College.

The winter term of Palatinate College, which closed on the 24th ult., was passed very pleasantly and profitably. The students, as a rule, worked faithfully. The number of students enrolled was 65.

The spring term opened on Monday following, and a large number of students has already been enrolled. The number last spring was 95, but it will be greatly surpassed this term.

The seventeenth anniversary of the Egerian Literary Society was held on Thursday evening, 24th, and the following programme was rendered:

Piano Duet, overture, "Sylvania," C. M. de Weber, Fannie Brunner and Annie Schantz; Prayer; address of welcome, Lillie M. Loose; vocal duet, "The Swallow's Farewell," Kucken, Annie Mosser and Omi Moyer; recitation, "In the Signal Box," George R. Sims, Minnie E. Hertzler; piano solo, "Il Trovatore," Sydney Smith, Maze V. Weller; essay, "Curiosity," Macie L. Klick; vocal solo, "Ehrens on the Rhine," Hutchison, Lizzie C. Lehman; select reading, "An Inquisitive Customer," Lizzie T. Brown; piano solo, "Variations Brillantes," Herz, Maggie E. Coover; essay, "Wasted Work," Eva Moyer; recitation, "Jimmy Brown's Steam Chair," Sallie E. Berntheisler; piano trio, "Scottish Airs," Ch. d'Albert, Minnie Hertzler, Della Donges and Alice Gerber; essay, "Reminiscences," Lottie G. Loose; vocal quartette, "Juanita," Spanish Melody, Lizzie Lehman, Omi Moyer, Annie Mosser and Mame Schantz.

The anniversary was a success, and speaks well for the society. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity and many had to return home, not being able to gain admittance. At the close of the exercises something took place which was not on the programme, viz., the presentation of a cane.

Mr. George Dreibelbeis, of Andreas, Pa., a member of the Freshman Class, took charge of the exercises, and stepping in front of the Principal, presented to him, in behalf of the students, a beautiful gold-headed cane, with the following inscription thereon: "Presented to Rev. W. C. Schaeffer, by the students of Palatinate College, March 24, 1887."

Rev. Schaeffer accepted the gift with a few well chosen remarks, stating that he was not so feeble that he really needed a cane, and if the conduct of the students next term should prove to be as good as it was during the last term it would, of course, not be necessary to use it on the students, but he could then make use of it as was intended. This present, on the part of the students to their principal, is only a slight intimation of the love they cherish for him. Rev. Schaeffer's ambition is to make a success of the institution under his charge. Under his supervision the attendance is steadily increasing. He has also raised the standard of scholarship of the institution.

To the already thorough curriculum of studies, the President expects to organize a class in painting and drawing. Arrangements are being made with Miss M. Searle to take charge of this department. Miss Searle spent some time in the School of Design, Philadelphia, and comes well recommended. The charges will be—for painting in oil, $10 per term; for painting in water colors, $5 per term; and for crayon work, $3 per term.

The Board of Managers lately procured "Yaggy's Anatomical Study." This is a valuable addition to the school appliances, especially in view of the fact that all teachers must now be examined in Physiology before they can get a license to teach. The branches used for the work are constantly taught in the English courses, so that young men who are teaching and yet expect at some time to take a full college course, with a view of entering some profession, are afforded special advantages.

The college still continues to maintain its high standard in music. A course of study is provided, upon the completion of which a diploma is given.

There is also a business and book-keeping department, where a thorough training is given in that study, including penmanship. Electric shorthand is also taught.

Lectures on Education and Scientific subjects are delivered by Superintendent W. B. Bodenhorn, Rev. J. S. Stahr, Ph.D., of Lancaster, and others. NINA.

Wichita University.

We are indebted to Rev. D. B. Shuey for Wichita and Emporia papers. From the *Wichita Eagle* of the 24th ult., we clip the following, giving an account of Rev. Prof. N. C. Schaeffer's talk to the Directors of Wichita University:—

Yesterday the directors of the Wichita University met at Mr. N. F. Niederlander's office. The president-elect, Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, being called upon to give his opinion of the city and institution, said he scarcely knew what to say of Wichita. He had been astonished more and more every hour with the enterprise of the city. Of the different college sites the one with which he was invited to become connected, he considered the most desirable. The policy of directors was especially worthy of compliments. The idea of not spending all the money for buildings is a good one and should be adhered to closely. That idea prevailed more in Germany than in America. There the principal ingredients of a university were brains, professors and students. Brick and stone enough to accommodate but no more. The climate here was better suited to active brain work than Germany, where the sun's rays rarely reached the earth. The climate reminded him of old Athens; could scarcely wish it better.

He thought it a question whether Wichita could sustain all the universities located here. The fact of so few good schools in the state, however, was encouraging, and probably all could thrive. If any should go down it would be the weak and not the fittest. Their university had no right to exist unless better than high school. It should afford increased educational facilities. The question of getting a library and apparatus was an important one, as such would necessarily have to be secured.

The university must have brains to run it; fully equipped with appliances and students. It would be of no use to run the institution without students. He had visited the high school and found there some very creditable work being done. An inquiry resulted in gaining the information that it was quite difficult to keep young men at study while the real estate fever was raging. To get young men who want brains before entering business is the question. The time may come when young men may be satisfied to spend more time in mental training.

A university can't thrive on any basis but of merit. I don't sneeze against small beginnings. Have been principal of Keystone Normal school twelve years, and when commenced had twenty students, now the enrollment is over six hundred.

Think it necessary to have a hospital before a medical department can be started. There should be some effort made to secure a hospital.

Dr. Schaeffer was followed by Rev. Love, who coincided with the former in his views concerning what made a university. He thought funds could be raised for starting a hospital.

Rev. Shuey stated that there were favorable indications for a new Synod composed of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Colorado and Nebraska. The meeting of the General Synod in a few months will decide the question. If the new Synod was created the University would secure its support.

Dr. Shaeffer and Rev. Shuey left last evening for Emporia. The doctor has not yet accepted the position as president. All who met him were forcibly impressed that he was a thorough gentleman with very superior educational attainments.

Missionary Convention and Society, Woodstock, Va.

Ye readers of the MESSENGER know that there still exists at Woodstock, Va., a Reformed congregation, Rev. A. K. Kline, pastor, composed of Christians good and bad.

In order that their spiritual growth might be stimulated, their hearts expanded more and their vision enlarged, a missionary and educational convention was held on the 7th, 8th and 9th of March.

A few days previous to the opening there was a little stir among the Marthas of the congregation, getting the bed warmed and the house in order. These have not much to say in the churches publicly, but as woman took an active part in leading man into misery, now she is, perhaps, no less active in leading him out.

On account of bad roads and pressure of duties, only three ministers were present, Rev. J. A. Hoffheins, of Martinsburg, W. Va., Rev. J. C. Bowman, Hanover, Pa., and Rev. George A. Whitmore, Mt. Jackson, Va. These brethren did not seem to be affected by the gloomy weather, but spoke words full of cheer and encouragement to the laborers in the Lord's vineyard.

The relation of the Theological Seminary to the progress of the church, and to what extent it depends upon the membership, also the significance of the present endowment movement, were most clearly shown. How dwelleth the love of God in us if we refuse to give our support to these institutions of learning!

The missionary society of the congregation has safely passed through what we might term the teething period, and enters upon its third year with prospects of greater growth and healthfulness. We cannot help but comment on the faithfulness of the president, M. H. Hottel, also that of the chairman of the finance committee, N. B. Schmitt, and others.

The following disbursements were made during the year:

For Home Missions,	$20 00
To Martha Memorial Church, N. Y.,	20 00
To Abilene, Kansas,	20 00
Remainder in Treasury,	43 00

Rev. J. A. Hoffheins delivered the anniversary address. The other brethren present made appropriate and encouraging remarks. We trust that many were made to feel that it is not a vain thing to serve the Lord. E.

Special Meeting of Allegheny Classis.

At a special meeting of Allegheny Classis held in St. Paul's church, Butler, Pa., Tuesday, March 29, 1887, Rev. J. W. Alspach was dismissed to Juniata Classis. Synod of Potomac; Rev. D. N. Harnish was elected Stated Clerk to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Rev. Alspach, and Mr. C. Craig was elected Treasurer to serve the unexpired term of Elder T. J. Craig, deceased.

D. N. HARNISH, Stated Clerk.
Butler, March 29, 1887.

Church News.

☞ Stated Clerks of Classes and Pastors will oblige us by sending such Items of News as will be of interest to the Church.

Our Own Church.

Pennsylvania.

Weissport.—The Zwingli Reformed Foreign Missionary Society of Weissport, Pa., held a convention on the 19th of March, in the evening. The clergy present were, Rev. Stibitz, of the Reformed church, Rev. Krider of the Lutheran church, both from Lehighton, Pa., Rev. Cooper, of Allentown, and Rev. Gross of the Evangelical church, of Lehighton, Pa. 1st topic, Our Foreign Missionaries, by Rev. G. W. Stibitz. 2d topic, The Religions of Japan, by Professor J. F. Snyder. Besides these two speeches, instructive to all and creditable to the speakers, Rev. Mr. Cooper and Rev. Mr. Gross addressed the convention. Rev. Cooper spoke of the awakened mission spirit of the Pennsylvania Germans, and Rev. Gross of the evangelization of Japan in general. The audience was small but all were interested. The collection was in the ordinary way by roll call. J. E. F.

Ohio.

Louisville.—Holy communion was observed in the Osnaburgh congregation, Rev. J. J. Leberman, pastor, March 20th. Forty-three were added to the church, forty by confirmation and three by certificate.

Alpha.—The two weeks service at Beaver was concluded last Sabbath with communion

Continued on 8th Page.

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The Substantial Philosophy. Rev. J. I. Swander, D.D.,	**$1.50**
Letters to Boys and Girls about the Holy Land and the First Christmas. Rev Theodore Appel, D. D.	**.75**
Lord's Portion. Rev. H. Harbaugh, D. D., Paper,	**.25**
Muslin,	**.30**
Service Book & Hymnal. Rev. W. F. Lichliter. Plain Muslin	**.25**
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Historic Manual of the Reformed Church in the U. S., Rev. J. H. Dubbs, D D.,	**$1.50**
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A Child's Life of Christ, Rev. C. Z. Weiser, D.D.,	**1.00**
The Gospel Call, Book of Sermons by Rev. J. K. Millett, deceased; edited by Rev. C. S. Gerhard,	**1.50**
History and Doctrines of the Reformed Church, by Rev. J. H. Good. A Tract. 50 Copies,	**1.00**
100 "	**2.00**
300 "	**5.00**
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Miscellaneous.

Easter Morn.

BY W. M. L. JAY.

RING, ring, O Easter Bells!
Ring, for the rosy hills of dawn
Shine 'neath the feet of Easter Morn!
Ring till your long, clear tidal swells
Flood the wide earth with silvern sound!
Ring for the battle fought and won!
Ring for the Victor throned and crowned;
For death destroyed and sin undone!

Ring, ring, O Easter Bells!
Ring out the love that will not cease
To weep o'er brows where all is peace;
Ring out black weeds and funeral knells;
Ring in the love that walks in light
Of healing hope, and lifts its eyes
From lily wreaths to saints in white,
From empty graves to Paradise!

Ring, ring, O Easter Bells!
Ring cheerily and bravely, where
Bowed hearts the daily burden bear
Of growing thirst 'mid failing wells;
Ring out the dead, the doubt, the gloom,
That hover round on murmuring wings;
Ring in the faith whose teeming womb
Is quick with hints of better Springs!

Ring, ring, O Easter Bells!
Ring out the wild, wild, bitter cry
Of hearts that break, and souls that die,
In grimy streets and noisome cells;
Ring in white Charity, to trace
Through soil and want the Master's tread,
And learn to know His blessed face
In washing feet and breaking bread!

Ring, ring, O Easter Bells!
Ring out the old man, born in sin;
The new man, born in Christ, ring in;
Ring in the living-water wells!
Ring in the Bridegroom and the Bride;
Ring in the one true great High Priest;
Ring in the pearly gates ope'd wide;
Ring in the endless Marriage Feast!
Ring, ring, O Easter Bells!

Selections.

The serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world next to the might and Spirit of God.

This is the career of the Christian—from blindness to the beatific vision of Christ in heaven, an illuminated highway of certainties from beginning to end. Let us accept these certainties and by their sustaining and quickening power move along this highway until we awake satisfied in His likeness.—*Dr. Arthur Little.*

The resurrection is only the to-morrow morning of death, and when we think of the grave, we should do so as in the happy days of our childhood we thought of our bed when we retired to it for the night, expecting an elder brother to call us in the morning and take us with him on a pleasant excursion.—*Dr. Wm. M. Taylor.*

"All hail triumphant Lord!
Heaven with Hosannas rings,
And earth in humbler strains
Thy praise reponsive sings:
'Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!'"

The joy of Easter is peculiarly its own. It is Christ the Living King and Lord, Christ who has raised from the grave humanity freed from the power of death and sin, that the Christian goes forth to meet and welcome on Easter day. The greeting that He gives is a greeting to a freed humanity. To it as well as to His brethren, the Risen Jesus says "All hail."

In praise of Jesus Christ, its King,
Who took from Death its awful sting,
To-day let all creation sing,
Alleluia!

Personal.

Mr. Robert Garrett, of Baltimore, who has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. McCosh, has given $8,000 toward the new Art Museum, at Princeton College, in addition to the $7,000 contributed not long ago by Trustee Harrison Garrett.

Senator Stanford has decided upon his plans for his California University. The buildings will be grouped in a quadrangle, will be constructed of California sandstone, and will be Moorish in design. Work upon seven of the buildings will be begun this summer.

The magnate of the Standard Oil Company, John D. Rockefeller, and his brother William, also J. A. Bostwick, recently gave $75,000 to the Tabernacle Baptist church, New York. This pays an old debt, and also assists in purchasing an adjacent lot which is much needed.

Messrs. D. L. Moody, Ira D. Sankey, and Francis Murphy, with other prominent workers, are busily engaged in evangelistic labors in Chicago. Upon Mr. Sankey's arrival there, a large meeting of welcome was held in Farwell Hall. The occasion was a most enthusiastic one.

The Prince of Naples, during his coming visit to Jerusalem, will stay at the famous Franciscan establishment built on the site of the Castle of the Knights of St. John. A ball is to be given in the city by the European officials and consuls in his honor. This is the first time a ball has been given in Jerusalem.

On Easter, "free among the dead,"
He rose triumphant, as He said;
And Death and Hell as captives led!
Alleluia!

Science and Art.

Sir William Turner calculates that the force of a full-grown whale's tail is not less than 145-horse power.

On Christmas Day direct telegraphic communication was held between New Westminster, British Columbia, and London, England. This is the longest telegraph circuit ever worked, including altogether over six thousand miles of land wire and cable.

Paper bottles were patented in America in 1883. Their sale was not extensive at first; but now that European patents have been secured, covering nearly all fields of probable competition, the controllers of the patents, we are informed, intend to manufacture the bottles in large quantities. In the item of freight alone, they will effect a saving of one-third less weight than glass or stoneware, and are, on the whole, less liable to breakage. Paper being also an excellent non-conductor, fluids stored in the air tight paper bottles will withstand a more intense degree of heat or cold than they could endure without injury in bottles of any other material.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

O earth, rejoice, and own His sway,
Who rose so glorious Easter Day,
To be the Lord of Life alway!
Alleluia!

Items of Interest.

In Sioux City, where the Rev. Mr. Haddock was slain for his zeal in the warfare with rum-sellers, there are now eight saloon-keepers in jail because they are unable to pay their fines, and every saloon in the city is closed.

Maine has another law abolishing capital punishment. The condemned are to be kept in close and solitary confinement, and no pardoning power is left to the Governor and Council, unless the convict is afterwards proved innocent.

Those who are having deeds written with a type-writer, with aniline ink, would do well to bear in mind the fact that time obliterates aniline inks, and that, in after years, they may look in vain for that upon the existence of which depends their title to property.—*Phila. Evening Star.*

The sewage of London, amounting to nearly 200,000,000 gallons a day, is carried by the great sewers twelve miles to huge storage reservoirs at Barking and Crossness, on opposite sides of the Thames, where it is treated with one grain per gallon of sodium manganate and a few grains of chloride of lime. After precipitation of the solid matter, the effluent is discharged into the river at ebb tide, in a clean and odorless (yet far from wholesome) condition.

Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden, a specialist in the study of bacilli, has added another misery to life in New York by discovering that every glass of iced water one drinks contains from 59,000 to 370,000 living bacteria. The half-pint of Croton water, as he demonstrates, has some 58,000 of these parasitic animalcules to start with, and the little piece of ice, as it comes from some placid lake like Rockland or Van Courtlandt or from the dirty Hudson River, contributes from 1,000 to 322,000 more.

The largest producing farm in the world lies in the southwest corner of Louisiana, owned by a northern syndicate, and having for general manager Mr. J. B. Watkins. It runs 100 miles north and south. The immense tract is divided into convenient pastures, with stations of ranches every six miles. The fencing alone cost nearly $50,000. The land is best adapted to rice, sugar, corn and cotton. The cultivation, ditching, etc., is done by steam power. With the help of only three men thirty acres per day can be ploughed.

Ye fragrant buds of early spring,
Pour forth your incense to your King,
And join with human tongues to sing,
Alleluia!

Useful Hints and Recipes.

To preserve carpets against the ravages of the buffalo moth or carpet worm the following process is recommended: "Add three tablespoonfuls of turpentine to three quarts of pure cold water; in this mixture steep a sponge, then squeeze it about two-thirds dry and pass it carefully over each breadth separately and in all the corners. As often as the water becomes soiled take a fresh supply. It will cleanse the carpet, besides acting as a disinfectant and moth destroyer.

TOM THUMB OMELETS.—Eight eggs, one half cupful of rich milk, salt and pepper, tablespoonful of cheese. Beat the eggs light, season, stir in the milk the grated cheese. Half fill eight patty pans, buttered, and set in a dripping pan with half an inch of boiling water in it; shut up in a quick oven, and as soon as they are "set" turn out on a hot dish. You may vary the dish by substituting minced parsley and thyme for the grated cheese, and when dished pour drawn butter over the omelets. They make a pretty show when garnished with curled parsley, a tiny sprig being stuck in the middle of each mold.

SWEET WAFERS.—Six eggs; one pint flour; two ounces melted butter; one and one-half cups powdered sugar; one cup milk; one teaspoonful nutmeg. Beat whites and yelks separately and very stiff; rub the sugar and butter together, and work in first the yelks, then the milk, then the flour and whites. Bake in well buttered wafer or waffle-irons, very quickly, browning as little as possible. Roll them while hot upon a smooth round stick not larger than your little finger, slipping it out carefully when the cake takes the right shape. These little cakes are an acceptable addition to any tea or supper-table, and look well among fancy cakes in a basket.

Down in the depths beneath the sod,
Let springing Life adore its God,
Who wakes anew th' insensate clod!
Alleluia!

Books and Periodicals.

Any of the books here noticed can be had through our Publication House, 907 Arch Street.

POSSIBILITIES. By Rev. Thomas L. Bailey. Boston: D Lothrop Company. Price, $1.25.

Here is a book written with a distinct purpose, and with a directness and straightforwardness which cannot but have effect. A lesson is more easily taught in a story than in a lecture, and the author has woven his moral so thoroughly into the web of his narrative as to carry it without fail into the hearts and minds of his readers. He believes that there is no reason why study at school or home should be regarded as a burden. It ought to be a source of rest and recreation. Ought not the wasted energies of the mind and body, he asks, to be revived and renewed by a pleasant study of the great world of nature as it lies outspread before us? To be a source of profit to the mind ought there not to be a sprinkling at least of the agreeable in the portion of mental food given? The story answers these questions, and shows how a departure from the old conventional methods and an infusion of common sense ideas into our educational methods would be productive of the most beneficial results. He shows us at the opening the picture of a country village school which, through lack of tact and knowledge on the part of teachers and of interest on the part of parents, had become almost worthless. A new teacher, with a mind and method of her own, is engaged for a term, and she sets at work with a determination to revolutionize the existing condition of things. It requires a good deal of tact and management to enlist parents and pupils in her plans, but she does it by quiet persistence, and the end of the term sees not only a remarkable change in the school, but in the village itself. It may not, admits the author at the close of the book, be possible to always succeed as did this teacher, but is not an approach to it among the possibilities? He believes it to be so, and most readers will agree with him.

An etching of Oliver Wendell Holmes ornaments the April number of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The story of a diplomatic mission to the South, undertaken with the tacit consent of Abraham Lincoln (one of the most remarkable contributions to the literature of the war which have yet been given to the public), is told by Edmund Kirke, and in it he recounts, for the first time, the terms of peace which Lincoln was willing to offer to the South. Mr. Whittier has a poem entitled "On the Big Horn," founded on the incident of the application of one of the Indians, who killed General Custer, for entrance to General Armstrong's Indian School at Hampton, Va. Other noticeable features are an amusing negro story, "Lazarus Mart'n, de Cullud Preyer," by W. W. Archer; "Via Crucis," a letter written by a Roman official in Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion, by Edward I. Stevenson; "A Tory Parson" (Mather Byles, of Hollis Street Church, Boston); and last, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's second installment of "Our Hundred Days in Europe." Mrs. Oliphant's and Mr. Aldrich's serial and F. Marion Crawford's "Paul Patoff" are as interesting as ever, and there are some other excellent articles and good poetry.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pr., have just published a faithful copy of M. de Munkacsy's great picture, "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," which has just been sold for over one hundred thousand dollars, in a fine steel plate engraving, done in line and stipple, measuring 22x28 inches, which, though a Five-Dollar print, they have decided to sell at the extremely low price of One Dollar a copy, so as to bring the picture within the reach of thousands and tens of thousands who cannot see or own the original. It has already been viewed by over two million persons, and is now on exhibition in New York city, where it is visited by thousands daily. Every family in the land should get or send for a copy of this great picture at once, which will be sold or mailed to any one, to any place, post-paid, on their remitting One Dollar to the Publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. Canvassers wanted everywhere. Large Commissions. Send for terms for it.

"The Story of the Merrimac and the Monitor," the first of General Adam Badeau's "War Stories for Boys and Girls," is one of the prominent features of the April ST. NICHOLAS. Another, but of a more peaceful type, is a charming article on "Harrow-on-the-Hill." Fairy operetta, "The Children's Crusade." The serial stories are full of interest. "Juan and Juanita," "Jenny's Boarding-house," "A Frozen Dragon," Ernest E. Thompson tells of a lively bird of to-day that wears snow-shoes, carries a fan, and serenades its mate on the drum; and Frank Marshall White contributes a capital story of a young reporter's experiences on his first "assignment," entitled "Cross Country with the News." There are other articles in prose and in verse.

THE MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY for April opens with a contribution of Dr. Benjamin E. Martin on "The Transition Period of the American Press." It is followed by the vigorous and well-told story of "Governor Spotswood's Horseshoe Campaign, 1716, as related to the Romance of Cathay," by Edward Ingle, an account of Early Virginia Exploration. The third chapter of the magazine is a brief tribute by the editor to "Henry Ward Beecheer," whose fine crayon portrait is the frontispiece to the number. The several papers that follow are—"The First Constitution of the State of New York," "The Heatherly War," "John Van Buren: A Study in By-gone Politics," "The Fall of Fort Duquesne," "The Making of History in Alaska," and "A Hero of the Far North." The minor departments are equally full. There is not an uninteresting page between the covers of this popular periodical.

Subscription price, $5 00 a year in advance. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

The opening article of the April CENTURY is the beginning of the series of papers on English Cathedrals. Then follow: "Little Compton," The "Life of Lincoln," "The Territorial Experiment" (that is to say, the Kansas difficulties). The illustrations include portraits of Trumbull, Judd, B. C. Cook, Cassius M. Clay, Benton, Lovejoy, Eli Thayer, Andrew H. Reeder, and the Rev. Thomas Johnson. The sixth installment of "Hundredth Man," "Some Portraits of Hawthorne," "Church and Meeting House before the Revolution," "Veda," "The Margin of Profits," "English as She is Taught." The paper in the War Series is contributed by General D. H. Hill, and deals with "Chickamauga,—the Great Battle of the West." In "Memoranda on the Civil War" are short communications from General J. S. Fullerton on "The Reserve Corps at Chickamauga," and from Dr. W. M. Polk on General Polk's action in the same battle. "Topics of the Time," "Open Letters," and poetry.

THE GUARDIAN: A Monthly Magazine for Young Men and Women, Sunday-schools and Families. Rev. H. M. Kieffer, A. M., Editor. The contents for April are—Scandal; "The Old Sullivan Road," by the Editor; The Serpent's Trail, by the Rev. Hiram King; The Glory of Israel, by the Rev. Z. A. Yearick; Concerning Easter, by the Editor; The Wonderful Organ; The True Story of Mother Goose; Little Things—Helping a Fellow Up. Our Cabinet. Sunday-school Department.

Philadelphia: Reformed Church Publication Board, 907 Arch street.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The number of Littell's Living Age for the week ending April 2d contains—Naucratis and the Greeks in Ancient Egypt, Quarterly Review; A Secret Inheritance, by B. L. Farjeon, part VI., English Illustrated Magazine; The Military Frontier of France, National Review; Richard Cable, the Lightshipman, part VI., Chambers' Journal; Valentine Visconti, Fortnightly Review; Perugia, Macmillan's Magazine; A Brush with Chinese Pirates, All the Year Round; An Unintentional Trip to North Bemini, Chambers' Journal; An Old French House, Spectator; Snowstorms on the Hills, St. James's Gazette; The Burial of the Jews of Spitalfields, Pall Mall Gazette; Sudden Changes of Temperature, Medical Press; The Fawcett Memorial, Saturday Review; and choice Poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4 00 monthlies or weeklies with the Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co,. Boston, are the publishers

Ye laughing brooks and streams, set free
From icy chains, exultingly
Sing, as ye hasten to the sea,
Alleluia!

Obituaries.

Obituaries to be inserted must be no longer than three hundred words.

DIED.—March 18th, 1887, Mattie E. Kremer, second daughter of Rev. A. R. and Anna M. Kremer, aged 18 years, 7 months and 26 days.

Mattie was a victim of that most insidious and destructive disease, diabetes. In perfect health until eighteen months ago, the beginning of the end was announced by the appearance of the first symptoms of the dread malady. By strict attention to the requirements of her condition, under the Divine blessing, her precious life was spared as long as it was. Almost to the last she did not appear like an invalid, usually cheerful and bright until within two days of her death, which came like a thief in the night. Yet she seemed conscious of its approach, and with firm voice said she was not afraid, and put all her trust in Jesus.

The news of her sudden death was a great shock to the whole community in which she lived, and in which she was loved and admired. And before her precious remains were laid to rest the telegraph and mail had poured into the now desolate parsonage, from four or five states, messages of condolence and sympathy.

This dear Christian maiden, young as she was, had already made creditable attainments in knowledge, to which Fairfax Hall, Winchester, Va., and the High School of Canton, Ohio, can bear abundant testimony—and had her life and health continued, it was the fond hope of her parents and friends that her accomplishments would redound to the glory of God in His Church. But He that willeth what is best saw fit to take her and make use of her in a higher sphere, and for most wise special purposes which we will some day understand.

On Sunday afternoon, the last day of winter, her body was laid in the tomb, to await the glorious springtime of the resurrection. Never did our funeral service seem so precious and so beautiful as when neighboring ministers and the bereaved pastor's affectionate and sympathizing people united in rendering it. The officiating ministers were Rev. J. M. Schick and Rev. Wm. D. Lefevre, who also spoke words of instruction and comfort, in presence of a large concourse of people assembled in the Reformed church in Berlin. Mattie's favorite hymn,

"Asleep in Jesus," etc.,

and a choir voluntary closed the solemn service.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

DIED.—In Claysburg, Pa., March 6, 1887, after a short illness, of pneumonia, Dr. S. R. Cavins, aged 30 years.

The deceased was a highly respected and eminent physician. His sudden death has cast a deep gloom on the community and many mourn his loss. His remains were taken to Bloomsburg, Ind., where his parents reside.

In Memoriam.

At a meeting of the Sunday-school of the Reformed church of Claysburg, Pa., held on Sunday, March 13, at 9 A. M., the Committee on Resolutions on the death of Dr. S. R. Cavins, a member of said school, made the following report, which was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, God in His infinite wisdom has called from our midst our beloved, honored and esteemed physician, S. R. Cavins, and

WHEREAS, It is but just to him and his family that we should pay a becoming tribute to his worth in life and his memory in death; therefore be it

Resolved, That we are sensible that this community has lost one of its best and most skilful physicians.

Resolved, That while we mourn his departure, we desire to record our appreciation of the fact that as a man he was honored by all for his constant fidelity and strict integrity.

Resolved, That in respectfully tendering to his family the assurance of our heartfelt sympathy with them in their great affliction, we invoke upon them the consolations of the Holy Spirit and the covenant blessings of Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing be presented to the family, placed upon the minutes of the Sunday-school and be given to the newspapers for publication.

ABRAM BURKET,
MILES WEYANDT,
W. S. WEYANDT,
Committee.

DIED.—At Centre Hall, Pa., February 22d, 1887, Miss Margaret E. Alexander, aged 33 years, 3 months and 27 days.

Baptized in early infancy, and subsequently confirmed at the proper age, Maggie had ever been faithful to her Christian vows, and consequently died in the triumphs of a living faith. She had been for many years an invalid, yet bore her afflictions with becoming resignation to the will of her Heavenly Father. Though possessed of a frail and sickly body, yet she was always active when there was any work to be done for the Church; and during her last illness frequently lamented that she could no longer take part in the preparation for the Christmas festival, or the work of the Missionary Society.

It is needless to say that she will be missed—not only by her sister and her brother, but also by the community, for she was beloved of all. But if we could, we would not desire to keep her from that home to which she has gone, where she is at last free from all the weakness and imperfection of the flesh, and where she is enjoying the society of the redeemed of all ages.

DIED.—Elizabeth B. Linn, wife of Wilson I. Linn, Saturday, March 19, 1887, at their residence, near Berwyn, Chester county, Pa., of paralysis, after a few hours illness.

She was a daughter of Abraham Brown, many years elder of the Reformed church at Lewisburg, and was born on her father's farm near that place, September 16, 1827, became a communicant in the Reformed church when she was fifteen years of age, and was united in marriage with Wilson I. Linn, by Rev. tHenry Harbaugh, February 27, 1849.

Mr. Linn removed to the State of Delaware in the spring of 1869, and after residing there a number of years, removed to Montgomery county, North Wales; thence to Chester county. In all these neighborhoods in which Mrs. Linn resided, she became well known for high Christian character, devotion to her husband and children, kindness to her neighbors and the poor, and unstinted hospitality.

Buoyant with returned health, which she had enjoyed for a year or more, in the best of spirits, with a kind word for every one, performing her household duties that day in her usual glow of good health, she sent two of her children on a week's visit to Montgomery county. Her husband had gone to the station and would be back in half an hour; her daughter Maggie, the only member of the family in the house, was upstairs with an invalid friend, and Mrs. Linn doing some ordinary work, anticipating her husband's return, when the summons came for her departure to the world unseen.

"The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the messenger of the covenant whom ye delight in." Without a word of farewell or of murmur, she fell asleep to awake in that blessed home where there is no sorrow or death. She was buried on the afternoon of the 24th of March in Great Valley Presbyterian Churchyard (Chester county), her five sons, with her nephew, Lange Harbaugh, conveying all that was mortal of this noble woman to her grave.

DIED.—February 18, 1887, in Hagerstown, Md., Mrs. Savilla Gassman, aged 76 years, 11 months and 14 days.

Mrs. Gassman was born in the Kingdom of Wurtemburg, Germany, in the year 1810. Early in life she left her native land and came to this country. The Gassman name is one familiar to the Reformed church in Hagerstown. Several of the sons of the deceased have for many years served as office bearers in the respective Reformed churches to which they belong.

Mrs. Gassman was a faithful member of the Second Reformed church in Hagerstown. Her husband, George Gassman, who departed this life about fourteen years ago, was an active and influential member of this church also. The death of his excellent wife brought much sorrow into the household. She was the mother of eight children, who mourn the loss of a kind and dear mother. During her illness, which continued for about a year, she bore all her sufferings with Christian patience, and longed for that rest which remaineth for the people of God. Her end was peace.

(*Christian World* please copy.)

DIED.—At Sarah Furnace, Blair county, Pa., March 10th, 1887, at 11.30 A. M., Jacob Zimmermann, aged 71 years, 11 months and 20 days.

A half hour previous to his death he was, apparently, in his usual health, but at the time stated he fell from his chair and immediately expired. Deceased was born in Franklin county, Pa. He was a member of the Reformed church, having been received into her communion by Rev. C. U. Heilman, April 4th, 1867. He was the father of five children. His aged wife and three sons survive him.

C. W. S.

Religious Intelligence.

Home.

Thirteen thousand Lenten missionary boxes have been distributed in the Episcopal Sunday-schools of this diocese.

The Reformed Presbyterian (Old Side Covenanter) Theological Seminary in Allegheny graduated six students week before last.

Last week the United Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Allegheny graduated ten, three less than last year and five less than the year before. The number in attendance this session has been 37.

The Methodist Episcopal Church now has $1,700,000 invested in publishing interests, on which there is no indebtedness. The Western establishment had a net profit from sales last year of over $107,000. The New York Book Concern reported an actual net cash profit of $117,000 from sales during the past year.

Christian liberality shows itself on every hand. A friend in Pennsylvania has just sent Bishop Mallalieu a draft for $5,000 to help complete the new $50,000 building going up on the grounds of the New Orleans University. Bishop Mallalieu and Dr. Hartzell have undertaken to raise $100,000 for the development of this institution, which is one of the most important in the South, but has long needed help.

At a meeting of the Philadelphia Ministerial Union held on the 28th inst., Rev. Dr. J. I. Good, from the Committee on City Evangelization, reported that 300 churches, embracing twenty denominations, had entered into the movement. The amount expended by the Central Committee was $668.05; received from the sections, $628.55. The Committee reported the movement as a partial success. The visitation was a comfort to the churches and defined the field. The general impression was that there was an increased attendance on the Sabbath day services. It was ascertained that very few of the people prefer no church. Reference was made to the kindly reception of the visitors by the Roman Catholics. The movement has demonstrated the unity of the Church of Christ. The result is sufficient to warrant a repetition of the movement in some way or other. On motion, the Central Committee was continued, and they were requested to suggest some plan for future evangelistic service, the plan to be submitted at the meetings of the different Ministerial Associations and at the June meeting of the Union.

In the winter of 1885 an Advent Mission was held by prominent Protestant Episcopal churches in New York City. Mr. Aitken and other mission preachers connected with the English Parochial Mission Society conducted services in Trinity, St. George's and other churches, introducing methods which had been adopted with success in nearly every diocese in the United Kingdom. The work attracted much attention also in Brooklyn, and was subsequently carried on in several other American cities. Before the mission services were closed an American society similar to the English organization was formed under the patronage of Bishop Henry C. Potter. This society conducted missions last year in various cities with marked success. Its work was largely of a tentative nature, but the results have encouraged the managers to establish the system of parochial missions on a permanent basis. Lately the Executive Committee of the Society reported that a fund had been raised whereby a General Missioner could be appointed at a salary of $4,000 a year. The Secretary, the Rev. George R. Van De Water, D.D., was asked to retire from the room. His associates then unanimously elected him General Missioner for one year. Upon his return they adopted a memorial to the vestry of St. Luke's church, Brooklyn, of which he is rector, urging them to give him a leave of absence for twelve months in order to enable him to enter upon this work. The Society does not consider it advisable to have a General Missioner devote himself to this field of revival labor for life, but prefers to commission a new man every year. Dr. Van De Water, who is a high churchman, recently conducted a two weeks' mission in Cleveland, and the Bishop of Ohio, which ranks among the "low" dioceses of that communion, warmly commended his methods of work.

Foreign.

A cable despatch has been received from Rome announcing that the "Holy Father Motu Proprio, desiring to show special honor to the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, has named him Prelate Assistant to the Pontifical throne."

At a Consistory held in Rome, March 17th, the new Cardinals were hatted. The Pope also preconized the new Archbishops and Bishops in Canada, the United States, India, and Australia. The Pope has telegraphed to the Czar congratulating him on his escape from assassination.

Bishop Kopp, who preceded Prince Bismarck in the debate on the Ecclesiastical bill, made a conciliatory speech. He said: "We thank chiefly our aged Monarch for having, in conjunction with the head of our Church, entered a path enabling a prosperous connection of Church and State to exist. We also thank the Government for its concessions in the bill before us. They are valuable. We Catholics say so, and the Holy See judges them as such." He concluded with a defence of the Catholic Orders, which he declared were organic institutions of their Church, and undeserving of the attacks made upon them. He hoped that the Church and the Government would arrive at an understanding on the subject.

A despatch from Berlin dated March 28th, says: "The Emperor being indisposed, the Empress yesterday accorded a farewell audience to Mgr. Galimberti, the special envoy of the Pope. In receiving him she said: 'It seems to me as if I had known you a long time, Monsignor. In the name of the Emperor, I beg you to thank the Holy Father. Tell him how great an interest we take in his person and that we entertain the warmest wishes for his welfare.' Mgr. Galimberti will take with him to Rome an autograph letter from Emperor William to the Pope. It is rumored that he will return to Berlin after Easter when a better opportunity will be afforded for the settlement of opportunity questions. The *North German Gazette*, in referring to the statement of the organs of the Centre party that Prussia began the Kulturkampf in consequence of the action of the Vatican Council of 1870 in proclaiming papal infallibility, publishes letters from Prince Bismarck and Count Tauf kirschen then Prussian Charge d'Affaires at Rome, showing that after the issue of the decree of the Vatican Council and the occupation of Rome, no change occurred in the relations between Prussia and the Vatican, and that the change arose afterwards through the action of the party since called the Centre party."

FROM "THE NEW SOUTH."

COLUMBUS, MISS., Oct. 30, 1885.

Drs. Starkey & Palen:—The remarkable success of your Compound Oxygen Treatment in my mother's case induced me to adopt it in my own. For more than fifteen years I have been troubled more or less with *Dyspepsia*, and for over six I have suffered intensely and continuously from Indigestion, Constipation and Hemorrhoids. I had severe headaches almost every week, and was compelled to use morphine for relief from this, as well as purgatives for the former.

I had tried all the usual remedies for these, but with only temporary relief, and my condition steadily grew worse. In July last I was prostrated for ten days by an attack of hemorrhoids of unusual severity. After partial recovery I resorted to your Compound Oxygen, which more than met my expectations. I have no headaches, and no symptoms of Dyspepsia of any kind. In a word, my restoration to health I regard as complete.

Respectfully,
W. H. WORTHINGTON, Editor.

A volume of nearly 200 pages, entitled "Compound Oxygen, Its Mode of Action and Results," will be mailed free to any address on application to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Reading railroad is projecting a branch through New Jersey which will give them new connection with New York. The cost will be $2,000,000.

DON'T READ THIS

if you have a sufficiency of this world's goods, but if you have not, write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, full particulars about work that you can do, and live at home, wherever you are located, at a profit of from $5 to $25 per day, and upwards. All succeed; both sexes; all ages. All is new. Capital not required; Hallett & Co. will start you. Don't delay; investigate at once, and grand success will attend you.

The salary of the Czar of Russia is $10,000,000 a year, and still the man is not happy.

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A silk farm is one of the industries in the neighborhood of Birmingham, Ala.

MR. A. BROWN,

For 11 years with John Wanamaker, Thirteenth and Chestnut, has severed his connection with that house, and from Saturday, March 26, will be found at 910 and 912 Chestnut street, Browning, King & Co.

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For Indigestion.

Dr. Geo. W. Hall, St. Louis, says: "I took it for indigestion and found it of decided advantage."

Memory is the friend of wit, but the treacherous ally of invention.

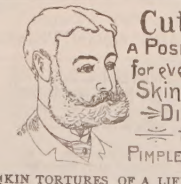
INCORPORATED.

The Jarvis-Conklin Mortgage Trust Company have recently been incorporated as successors to Messrs. Jarvis, Conklin & Co., of Kansas City, Mo., who have been prominent in the investment field for the last ten years, having loaned over $10,000,000 for individual investors, Savings Banks, and Insurance Companies in the Eastern States and Europe. The new Company has a paid-up capital of $1,000,000, and will continue the business of the old firm. It has the benefit of the services and experiences of the members of the old firm as its own officers, and its stockholders are mostly customers of the old firm throughout the Eastern States. Debenture Bonds secured by farm mortgages have become a very popular form of investment for those who do not wish the care of all the papers connected with the mortgages, and when issued by a company of large capital and undoubted reliability are among the best class of securities offered to investors. John M. Shrigley, 411 Walnut street, is the representative of the company in Philadelphia. The advertisement of this company can be found in another column.

A state of civilization requires each individual to voluntarily sacrifice a part of his liberty to increase the general stock.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



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Surplus over all liabilities	552,874, 22

Total Assets Jan. 1, 1887, $2,301,858 66.

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1887 1887

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serviccs. There were forty-two additions to the church, making eighty-five as the result of the meetings that have been held in the three congregations.

Ada Mission.—About ten months ago a small congregation was organized in the town of Ada by Rev. I. A. Sites. During this time services have been held every Sunday evening, and for the last five months in the morning of each alternate Sunday. A series of meetings has just been closed, in which Revs. Leberman and Souder rendered very valuable assistance. On Sunday, 20th ult., communion services were held, at which time five were added to the little band, with the promise of one or two more in the near future. One great obstacle in the way of success is that of being compelled to hold services in the Chapel Hall of the Normal School building. This necessitates the climbing of a long flight of stairs, which makes it difficult especially for older persons. Besides the chapel being used also for a recitation room, is not so pleasant to meet in as a church would be. But the mission is very thankful that it has even so good a place as this to meet in. With the blessing of God upon the labors there it hopes some day to have a building of its own. The mission asks to be remembered in the prayers of all the congregations in the Classes and Synod.

Oregon.

Albany.—Rev. J. B. Braun has accepted a call from the Tri-Synodic Board of Missions, to act as missionary on the Pacific coast, and has already moved there. His address is Albany, Linn county, Oregon.

Clerical Register.

The P. O. address of Rev. John Wolbach is changed from Troutville to *Nazareth, Pa.*

The P. O. address of Rev. Joshua Wolbach is changed from Forreston to *Altamont, Illinois.*

Acknowledgments.

The Treasurer of the Theological Seminary reports as follows on Relief and Repair Fund of said institution:

1886.

Oct.	1	To cash from Leb. Classis,	$50 00
"	9	Do. Tohickon Classis,	51 00
"	21	Do. Goshenhoppen Classis,	30 00
Dec.	17	Do. E. Susq. Classis,	27 00

1887.

Jan.	5	T. S. Johnston, D.D., Treas. Lebanon Classis,	7 00
"	18	Henry Wirt, Treas. Potomac Synod,	300 00
Mar.	17	T. S. Johnston, D.D., Treas. Lebanon Classis,	2 00
			$467 00

The above amount it the total received for both purposes, and as such is altogether inadequate to pay for repairs alone, asked for. Seventy-five dollars have been expended of this amount already in repairs. It is, therefore, important that the Synodical apportionment for these purposes be promptly sent in to the Treasurer, so that the Executive Committe of the Board may go forward with the needed repairs.

John B. Roth, Treasurer.

The following amounts have been received for account of Wichita University scheme:

October 28, 1886, Rev. L. J. Mayer. Boyertown charge, $50. March 18th, from I. G. Gerhart, treasurer Tohickon Classis, Rev. N. Z. Snyder, South Bethlehem, $25. Rev. B. B. Ferer, Reiglesville charge, $33. Rev. Daniel Rothrock, Durham charge, $40.

Rather a small proportion of $5,000 pledged by Synod, to be paid on the 1st of April.

John Meily,
Treasurer of Synod.

March 29, 1887.

The *one dollar* sent to the Editor of The Messenger for Sendai by some lady too diffident to give her name, is hereby acknowledged. The letter and money has been forwarded to Mr. Rudolph F. Kelker, Treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions, to whom all money for that purpose should be sent.

Ed.

Philadelphia Markets.

Wholesale Prices.

Monday, April 2, 1887.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour. Supers, $2.50@2.75: winter, extra, $3@3.25; Pennsylvania, family, $3.65@3.80; Pennsylvania, roller process, $4@4.25; Western winter clears, $4@4.25; do. straight, $4.25@4.50; do. patent, $4.45@4.85; Rye Flour, $2.85 per bar.

WHEAT.—Sales 600 bushels No. 2 Delaware red, at 92c.; No. 1 Pennsylvania red, 92¼@92¾c.; with No. 2 red at 89¾c.

CORN.—46c., for No. 3 mixed; 46¾c. for steamer; 46¾c. for No. 2.

OATS.—Sales of 1 car stained No. 3 white at 35c.; 1 car bright do. at 35½c.; No. 2 white, at 36¼c.; No. 1 white 36¾c.

RYE.—No. 2 Pennsylvania, 53c.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork at $16.50@17; family Pork, at $17@18, as to weight; shoulders in salt, 6¾@7c.; do. smoked, 7@7½c.; breakfast bacon, 9¼c.; Loose butchers' Lard, 7@7¼c.; prime steam do. $7.62½; city refined do. 7¾@8c.; Beef Hams, $22; smoked beef, 15@16c., sweet pickled hams, 11@12c.; as to averages; city family beef, $10.50 ₩ bar. City Tallow in hogsheads, 3¾@4c.

POULTRY.—We quote live fowls 10@10¾c.; winter chickens, 14@17c.; dressed fowls, 12@13c.; do., scalded, 12@12c.; Dressed chickens, 18@20c.; dressed turkeys young, 14c.

BUTTER.—We quote creamery, extra new, 31@32c.; creamery, good to choice fresh, 26@28c.; creamery prints, 33c.

EGGS.—Near-by extras, 14¼c.; on 'Change, 14c.; Western, 14c.

CHEESE.—We quote New York full-cream fancy at 14¼c.; do. do. good to prime, 13¼@14c.; Ohio flats, fancy, 13¾@13¾c., Pennsylvania, part skims, 5@7c., and full skims, 1¾@3c. as to quality.

REFINED SUGARS.—Powdered, 5¾@6c.; granulated, 5¾@5 13-16c.; Crown A. 5¾c.; crystal A, 5¾c.; and confectioner's A. 5 7-16c.

PETROLEUM.—6¾c. for 70 Abel test in barrels, and 8¼c. for 110 test in plain cases.

WANAMAKER'S

Philadelphia, April 4th, 1887.

If you can't come to the Store, a letter will get anything you want, samples or goods.

If you are thinking of a confirmation suit for the boy don't skip the dark blue all-wool Tricots, $7.50.

Strong as cassimere and more dressy. If any woolen stuff of the weight won't wear shiny the Tricots are the ones. One reason why they're so well liked. They'll stand grief and still look well. Nothing before so good as this $7.50 suit for so little. We don't think you'll find the like anywhere else. 4 to 14 year size, mostly Norfolk Jackets; plain or Norfolk in the larger ones.

Easter Cards and Tokens. The makers have outdone themselves in producing striking and elegant shapes. New and pretty things till you tire of counting.

Books, too, dozens of them. Little and showy mostly; bits of bound gladness for the glad season. Big ones also. What more fit for an Easter present than General Wallace's "Ben Hur; a Tale of the Christ?" What $1.00 gift more welcome?

Let nothing hide those half-hundred English Dress Cloths, those wonderful mixtures and checks and stripes and plaids and combinations. The wonder is in the number as well as in the fineness and the elegance. Half a hundred ladies might have dresses of them, and the stuffs differ so that you'd hardly trace a resemblance when the wearers meet. 54-inch, $2.50.

Near by some fine "camel's hair" in the light spring shades. Always stylish and dressy; something that you can rely on. 42-inch, 85 cents, $1.00 and $1.25.

Linen Lawns. Cost too much for a season or two to hold up against the "Union" stuffs—the mixed cotton and linens. Won't crowd the "Unions" out now, but the price should get back some lost ground.

It's worth a little extra to get something so light and strong and neat as these printed linen lawns. Colors that won't fade, that'll be bright as long as the stuff lasts. Every thread linen; modest little figures; especially fit for girl's wear. Pink, blue, black and plain white, 25 cents.

A new day dawning for the linen lawns.

Shetland Shawls. A little lot from last year. We want them to go before the new ones come. Half price 'll be the push—50 cents to $1.50.

India Shawls. A wise shawl man says he has never before known a time when $25.00, $30,00 or $50.00 would buy so much of an India Shawl. Half, third, quarter of the few-years-ago price. You don't expect much of an India shawl for any such money; you will get at least twice what you expect.

John Wanamaker.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

after a trial of nearly half a century, is universally conceded to be the best ever discovered. It is agreeable to the taste, and, being highly concentrated, only small doses are needed.

An old lady of eighty, Mrs. Mary C. Ames, of Rockport, Me., after forty years of suffering from a humor in the blood, manifesting itself in Erysipelas and other distressing eruptions on the skin, at last began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after taking ten bottles, she is now, she says, "as smooth and fair as ever."

Frank Jones, 952 Eighth ave., New York, writes: "I suffered from impurity of the blood, which showed itself in troublesome eruptions and mattery pimples on my face, neck, etc. Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected a complete cure. I had previously tried many reputed blood-purifiers without benefit."

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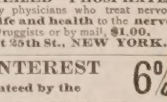

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